SIR *Thomas Overbury*

HIS

WIFE.

WITH

A DDITIONS OF

NEW CHARACTERS,

and many other *Wittie*

Conceits never before

Printed.

The fifteenth Impreſſion.

LONDON,

Printed by *R B* for *Robert Allot*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *Beare* *in Pauls Church-yard.* 1632.

Print of Sir Th. O. in the narration
Hist. of K James, for 15 Jas. 14 years 165
Another by Elstrack. very rare and 4 l
valuable. worth 50 £
Another by Pass - 5 Engl. Verses - copy

NE OBLIVIS CARIS
The Honourable Archibald
Campbell Esq. 1708

9/- 526 W. Ford. 10/6

1st in 1611 Edn. of Overbury's Wife
2
3
4 — 1614. 4to Nov says it was print first in 1614
5 — 1614.
6 1615 to this ed. are added 3 new
7 — 1616 Charact. by J. Cooke. see
8 — 1616 Stephen Egerton 163[illegible]
9 — 1616 800.
10 1618 with Stead
11 — 1622 See Nevis's Curs Lemark
12 1626 (Dublin very scarce)
13 — 1628
14 — 1630
15 1632 with additions.
16 1638

1655 Mr Brands Collon
17 — + 1664 This I have had W. F.
the last 1753 Granger says (called the last)

+ It is marked on the title page the 17th impr.

The Paradoxes, Mountebanks Recruits, & Songs with the Verses ad Comitissam Rutlandiae are added to this Edit.

In 1615 was printed the Bloody Downfall of Adultery, Murder Ambition, with Weston & Turner's last tears for ye Murder of Sir Tho Overbury. a Poem.

Overburys Wife alluded to in Robert Gomersalls Poems p. 2 Elegan 1 M[illegible]

In 1614 was printed the Wife now a Widow by Sir Tho Overbury

A Wife now a Widow. Lond. 1614.

A Wife now ye Widow of Sir Tho. Overbury: being a most exquisite & singular Poem of ye Choice of a Wife. 4th impr. 4to 1614

Overbury's Wife gave rise to many imitations. I have observed the following

A choice Husband for Sir T. Overbury's wife by Jn. Davies. 1616.

The Husband, a Poeme expressed in a compleat Man. 1614

The description of a good Wife in a rare amongst Women 1619

A Happy Husband or directions for a Maiden to choose her Mate 1619 by P. Hannay.

A Dialogue of Womens Properties by Arth. Newman. 1619.

A Poeme of a Maydle with some Characters by W. Saltonstal 1631

New & choise Characters of several authors: together with that exquisite and unmatched Poeme the Wife, written by Sir Tho. Overburie — with the former characters & conceited News all in one Vol. with many other things added to this 6th Impr. 1615.

In 1651 was printed Sir T. Overbury's Observations on the United Prov.
with a Portrait. Hunds Cat. 31

Warton says Sir Tho Overbury transl. Ovids Remedy of Love. wh was pr in 1620 8°.
vid. Hist. III. 219.

Nosce teipsum expounded in 2 Elegies.
4to. 1599 - 1602 -

Reign of King Edwd 4th 1596 - 1599.

BRITISH MUSEUM

4799

1078. a. 15

3

In Statuam ligneam Overburii.

Cernis Overburi, non ære aut marmore, vultum;
Sed ligno Hibernis dic, age nonne placet?

BRITISH MUSEUM

Dr Herbert of Cherbury, Occas. Vers.
1665 - p 87:

Thomæ Overburii Equitis vita, et mors ad viatorem

Vita hominis quæ sit, quæ mors, vis scire viator?
Est Heraclitus, qui modò Democritus.
Ille sibi nimirum, docet ut suus ecce, Character:
Quin ille, infœlix mortuus est aliis.

Dunbar's Letin Epigrams. 1616.

The Printer to ye leader in
Ed. 1614 is a different preface
dated May 16. 1614 and three
introductory Poems not prin-
ted here. Signed I. I. Lincoln-
ensis Gent. – G. R. – & T. B

W. Ford

45.
6. 30.
322.
BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by Sir *Thomas Overbury*) is ſufficiently approoved by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice ſhall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) bee excluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the *Muſes*: if from direct plaine-dealing, hee ſhall bee degraded for inſufficiencie. For had ſuch a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romans, although they wanted our eaſie conſervations of wit by Printing, they would have committed it to braſſe, leſt injurious time

eprive it of due eternitie. If to converse with a creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this fifteenth impression) many new *Characters*, and *witty Conceits*, written by himselfe and others his friends. Howsoever, they are now exposed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Licet tota nunc Helicone frui——Mar.

Lau. Lisle.

the Printer.

Elegies of ſeveral Authors, on the untimely death of Sr

Thomas Overbury, poyſoned in the Tower.

Vpon the untimely death of SIR *Thomas Overbury.*

(teares

TWould eaſe our ſorrowes, 'twould releaſe our
Could we but heare thoſe high celeſtiall Spheres
Once tune their Motions to doleſull ſtraine,
In ſympathy of what we mortals plaine,
Or ſee their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pitty from the heart of hell,
Are hatcht by Monſters, which among us dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclined to ſleepe,
Should through their chriſtal caſements ſcarcely peep
Or at leaſt view us, but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaſter Influence *might diſcry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltleſſe bloud,
Blending vile deuices to deſtroy the good,
The Sunne ſhould wed his beames to endleſſe Night
And in dull darkeneſſe canopy his Light,
When from the ranke ſtewes of adulterous Breſts,
Where every baſe unhallowed Project reſts,

Is belcht, as in defiance of his shine,
A streame might make even Death it selfe to pine.
But those things happen still, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appeare;
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele.
And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not mistake those pow'rs above,
Nor taxe injuriously those Courts of love.
Surely, they joy to see these Acts revealed,
Which in blinde silence have beene long concealed;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'st we mourne,
To thinke that ere she was foule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Overburies *blood was made,*
A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
Weston, *thy hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did sway,*
Which did his life to endlesse sleepe convay.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glory,
By the relation of so sad a storie.
If any more were privie to the Deed,
And for the crime must be adjudg'd to bleed,
To Heaven I pray, with rear'd up hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their Soules may rise:
And as those equally turne to one dust,
So these alike may shine among the just,
And there make up one glorious constellation,
Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D. T.

To the Memorie of the generally bewailed Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas Overburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Christian piety
To wish Gods will be done; and destinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (breath
Me thinks, t'observe how vertue drawes faint
Subject to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others advanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These moved Effects, from an unmoved Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heavens fixed
Might casual seem, & each irregular sense (Laws
Spurne at just Order, blame Gods Providence.
But what is man, expostulate the Intents,
Of his high Will or judge of Strange Events?
The rising Sunne to mortall sight reveales
This earthly globe; but yet the stars conceales;
So may the Sense discover Naturall Things;
Divine above the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad accident: (come;
Good men must fall: rapes, incests, murders
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from dev'lish lust within.

Thou then that suffer'dst by those formes so vile,
From whom those vvicked Instruments did file
Thy drossie part, to make thy Fame shine cleare,
And shrine thy soule in heavēs al glorious sphere,
Who being good, nought lesse to thee befell,
Though it appear'd disguis'd in shape of Hell;
Vanish thy bloud and Nerves; True life alone
In vertue lives, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deadlesse; O behold.
(If thou canst looke so low as Earths base mold)
How dreadful Iustice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirlewind how it shakes the (root
Of lofty Cedars; make the stately Brow
Bend to the foot how all men see and now
The breath of infamy doth move their sailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loves more hearty
Shal stil keep wing, untill thy Fames exīt (gales
Fill ev'ry part of his vast Continent.
Then you the *Syre* of their murther'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; since he hath wonne
More honour in his sufferance: and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endlesse Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Love might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muses might be slaine,
To die his honours web in purest Graine.

C. B.

Vpon the untimely Death of the Author of this ingeni-

ous Poem, Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight, poysoned in the Tower.

SO many *Moones*, so many times goe round,
And rose from *Hell*, & *darknes* under ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heaven*! yet tell
If *Murther* laies him downe to sleepe with *Lust*
Or no? reveale, as *thou* art *Truth* and *Iust*,
The *Secrets* of this iniust secure *Act*,
And what *our feares* makes us suspect *compact*
With greater deeds of mischiefe: for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe suspect yet *One*,
To which compar'd, *This* but a *falling Starre*;
That a bright *Firmament of fire*: Thy Care
We see takes *meaner things*: It times the *world*,
The *Signes* at random through the *Zodiack* burid,
The *stars* wild wandring, & the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; & all the *violent changes*
It over-looks, which trouble th'endlesse course
Of the high Firmament: *by thy blest force*
Do hoary winter frosts make forests bare, (paire,
And streight to groves againe their shades re-

By

By *thee* doth *Autumnes, Lyons flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere sustaine
Her burthened powers: *O being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and under *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd all his *Orbes* doth
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide? (guide,
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good,*
And *guarding* to *Ill?* as if the *brood,*
Of best things still must Chance take in command:
And not thy *Providence* and *Her blind Hand.*
Thy *Benefits* erronieously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse?*
Whence *so great crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *Court,*
Where *Buffones* worship in their *vise* of *State,*
Those filthy *Scarabs,* whom they serve and *Hate,*
Sure things meet *backeward, there*; *Humour* dis-
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud,* & *Poison* waste: (graft,
The *Adulterer up like Haman,* and to *fainted:*
And *Females modesty* (as *Females*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall we say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton,*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine,* had all misse-won,
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull *God,*
Right all amisse, and set thy wonted period
Of *Goodnesse,* in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vsher* to bring forth the *Maske,* and *Weed,*
Where-

Where-under blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet have Hope to make a falſe eſcape.
Of *This* make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument,
As *Weſton a poore ſerving-man* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRY,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadour-ſhip*? no, no,
His *Orbes* held on ſuch *light*: what, did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſur'd, in neate *Poeſis*.
How *Good* & *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe,
A *chaſte*, *fit noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Whas this his fault? or doth there lie a flame
Yet in the embers not unrak't, for which
He dy'd ſo falſly? *Heaven* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That law may purge the bloud, Luſt made untrue.

W. S.

g. Wm Shakſpeare

An Elegie conſecrated to the memory of the truely worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Overbury* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not bin aſſur'd
Of griefe enough to finiſh what I write.
Theſe lines, as thoſe which do in cold bloud
Had come but faintly on; for, ever he (fight
That ſhrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnleſſe ſome neerer cauſe doe him aſpire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since paſſion (after leſſening her extent)
Is then more ſtrong, and ſo more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Waſt not enough to ſee his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but cruſhing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his unſpotted *Fame*?
O baſe revenge! more then in humane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* ſometimes would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, ſuppoſing none
Could ever ſo offend) the upright *Throne*
Of *Iuſtice* ſalves not: leaving that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *puniſhment*.
Yet though thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow
Glaſſes which multiply the *Species*, (theſe

We ſee thy vertues more than they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo;as when to make a *Pearle* more pure,
We give to a *Dove*, in whoſe wombe pent
Some time, we have it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſter now, that venom'd *Spight*
With her black ſoule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe begines to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne*.
The poiſon that works upwards now, ſhal ſtrive
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſervative*.
And witchcraft, that can maske the *upper ſhine*,
With no one cloud, ſhall blind a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it;
And after-time, that brake their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* ſome while, but beeing found,
The *Muſes Altars* plentifull crownd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memory.
Nor have we loſt the long: thou art not (gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*. (fled.
But twice the *Sunne* went round ſince thy ſoule
And only *that time* men ſhall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (raiſ'd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt have
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent Grave.

W. B. Int. Temp.

W. Browne.

Vpon the untimely Death of Sir *Thomas Overbury.*

IF for to live be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will nor other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet were't to compasse his insatiate lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iustice and Fame, shall crowne thy memory.

B. G. *medij Tem.*

In

In obitum intempestivum & lachrymabilem Illustrissimi Equitis aurati, THO. OVERBVRY, magnæ spei & expectationis Viri.

HOw ever windie mischiefe raise up high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre upon us
A tempest of foule rumours, which descry (all
Thy hard mis-hap and strange disastrous fall;
As if thy wounds were bleeding frō that hand,
Which rather should have raisd thee up to stād:

Yet shalt thou here survive in pittying fame
In thy sweet Wife, in these most acute lines
In well reputed Characters of name, (shrines
And vertues tombe, which all thine honour
In spight of envie, or the proudest hate,
That thus hath set opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, sith it falls out so,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a boxe of precious balme did dare:
With whose perfume, altho it was thus spild,
The house and commers by were better fild.

Cap. *Tho. Gainsford.*

A memoriall,

Offered to that man of vertue,

Sir *Thomas Overbury:*

ONce dead and twice alive; Death could not (frame
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
Hee might have liv'd, had not the life which
Life to his life, betraid him to his grave. (gave
If Greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely unhappy in his lives last fate,
In that he liv'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the Iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend. (breath,
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a
To guerdon poore simplicitie with death:
Was never man, that felt the sense of griefe,
So Overburi'd in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell slaughter! Times unbred
Will say, Who dies that is untimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace,
In friendship, 'twas but *Overburies* case; (prove
Which shall not more cõmend his truth, then
Their guilt, who were his opposites in love.

Rest

Reſt happy man in thy ſpheare of Awe
Behold how Inſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe whoſe hands imbrud in bloud
Cropt off thy youth, and flower in the bud
Sleepe in thy peace thus happy haſt thou prov'd,
Thou mightſt dyd more known, not more belovd

Io. Fo.

g. John Fordes

Vpon SIR *Thomas Overbury* the Author of this ingenious *Poem.*

H*Eſperydes* (within whoſe gardens grow
Apples of gold) may well thy loſſe deplore;
For in thoſe Gardens they could never ſhow
A tree ſo faire, of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweet counſels were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch, that did adorne the Stocke
Reaſon the Leaſe upon thoſe branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhaddow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by thee) as a mantle covered.
But what befell, O, too much out of kinde!
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde:

R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Overbury* his *Wife and Mariage.*

WHen I behold this Wife of thine so faire,
So far removd from vulgar beauties (aire
Being lesse bright and pure) me thinks I see
An uncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymy
Extract from ragged matter. Thou hast made
A wife more innocent than any Maide,
Evah's state, before the fall decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertues's not more cleare;
Such an *Idea* as scarce wishes can
Arrive at, but our hopes must ne'er attaine
A soule so far beyond the common Make
As scorn'd corporeall joyning. For her sake
(Despairing else contract) Thou too turn'st Soule,
And to enjoy her faires without controule,
Cast off this bodies clog: so must all doe,
Cast matter off, who would abstractions woo.
To flie so soone (Soule) well hast thou done:
For in this life such beauties are not won.
But when I call to minde thine unripe fall,
And so sad summons to thy Nuptiall.
Either, in her thy bold desires did taste
Forbidden fruit, and have this Curse purchast.
Or, having this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *fates* their malignant ſpirits breath,
To puniſh thine ambitious love with death.
Or thy much envi'd choice hath made thee reſt
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infeſt
To thy concluſion. And with them ceduc'd
Friendſhip (diſpleas'd to ſee a love produc'd
Leſſe carnall than it ſelfe) with policy
So pure and chaſte a love to nullifie.
Yet howſoe'er their project flies in ſmoke
The poyſons cordiall,
which they meant ſhould choke:
Their deeds of darkeneſſe, like the Bridall Night,
Have joyn'd ſpirituall Lovers in deſpight
Of falſe attempts, and now the wedding's done;
When in this life ſuch faires hath not bin won.

E. G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once a happy wife,
That didſt enjoy ſo ſweet a Mate:
Who now bereaved is of Life,
Untimely wrought through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile to haſte the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend!

F. H.

On this excellent Poem, *the WIFE.*

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good and Bad:
The bad commends the good, as darke doth light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The good with wiſdome and diſcretion clad
With modeſty and faire demeanour dight;
Whoſe reaſon doth her love to will invite.

Reaſon begot and paſſion bred her Love,
Selfe-will ſhe ſhun'd, Fitneſſe the Mariage made,
Fitneſſe doth cheriſh love, ſelfe-will Debate.
Loe thus and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect wife, a worke nor time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall fate.
This none can equall; beſt but imitate.

R. C.

On SIR *Thomas Overburies* Poem the *Wife.*

I Am glad yet ere I die, I have found occasion
Honest & just, without the worlds perswasion,
Or flattery or bribery to commend
A woman for her goodnesse : and God send
I may finde many more : I wish them well (fell,
They are pretty things to play with ; when *Eve*
She tooke a care that all the women-kinde
That were to follow her should be as blinde
As she was wilfull and till this good wife,
This peece of Vertues that ne'er took her life,
From a fraile mothers labour : those stand still
As marginals to point us to our ill,
Bame to the world as other creatures do,
That know no God but will ; we learn to woo.
And if she were but faire and could but kisse,
Twenty to one we could not choose amisse ;
And as we judge of trees, if straight and tall
That may be found, yet never till the fall (now
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them ; so till
We onely knew we must love ; but not how
Cut here we have example, and so rare,
That if we hold but common sence and care,
And steere by this Card ; he that goes awry,
I'l boldly say at his Nativity,

That man was seal'd a foole: yet all this good
Given as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and bloud,
Some may aveare and strongly 'twas meere ment
In way of practice but not president;
Either will make us happy men, for he
That marieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life,
More than a Woman, better than a wife.

I. F.

Fletcher

Ejusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first fraile Woman came,
The first that ever made us know our shame,
And finde the curse of labour, so againe,
Goodnesse and understanding found a Man
To take his shame away; and from him sprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue,
Because it should not wrong us, yet the life
Makes it appeare a Woman and a Wife.
And this is she, if ever Woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

I. F.

Fletcher

ON

On Sir

THOMAS OVERBURIES *POEM*, the WIFE.

WEre every beauty, every severall grace,
Which is in womē, in one womans face
Some courtly Gallants, might I think, come to her
Which would not wed her though they seemd to woo her;
Setled affections follow not the eye,
Reason and judgement must their course descry.
Pigmalions Image made of marble stone,
Was lik't of all belov'd of him alone,
But here's a Dame growne husbandlesse of late,
Which not a man but wished were his Mate.
So faire without so free from spot within,
That earth seemes here to stand exempt from sin.
Iuno vouchsafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake estate,
Honour illustrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy fate. (shroud
Vertue they thinke doth in these Emblemes
But triall shewes the'are gulled with a Cloud.

These are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, gesture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that sets a woman forth:
And in this woman these have each a place.
Were all wives such: this age would happy be
But happier that of our posterity.

D. T.

On the Wife.

WEll hast thou said that women should be (such
And were they that, had but a third as
would be marri'd too but that I know (much,
Not what she is, but should be thou dost show:
So let me praise thy worke, and let my life
Be single or thy widdow be my wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect creature to the Easterne use
Liv'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common
Not that her Lover fear'd the least abuse, (show,
But with the wisest knew it fitter so:
Since falne a widdow and a zealous one,
She would have sacrific'd her selfe agen,
But importun'd to life is now alone,
Lov'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wife single men.
Which, to th'adultrous rest, that dare begin
Their us'd temptations were a mortall sinne.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all thou wilt lesse worthy seeme,
I feare: Wives common, all men disesteeme,
Yet somethings have a differing Fate, some fret,
We doubt of wares which are in corners set:
Hid medals rust, which being us'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue than the night.
Thou tho more common, then maist seem more
I only wish thou maist be understood. (good,

G. R.

To the cleane contrary Wife:

Look here & chide thoſe ſpirits wch maintain
Their empire with a ſtrong command in you,
That all good eyes, which doe your follies view,
Pitty what you for them muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Evils which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but perſue
Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull as untrue.)
By reading this for fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed upon her birth, the brood
Of lightneſſe, indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of foule incontinence, when the baſe bloud
Is careleſſe onely of an Honour'd name?
Be all that gentle are, more high improv'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, never lov'd.

W. Stra.

W. Strad.

Of the choice of a Wife.

IF I were to choose a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry?
I would trust the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miscarry:
For in a way of love and glory,
Each tongue best tels his owne story.

First to make my choyce the bolder,
I would have her childe to such,
Whose free vertues lives are older
Than Antiquity can touch:
For 'tis seldome seene that blaud
Gives a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient stocke may bring
Branches, I confesse of worth,
Like rich mantles shadowing
Those descents that brought them forth,
Yet such Hils, though gilded show,
Soonest feele the Age of snow.

Therefo

Therefore to prevent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Merchants I would choose my ware,
Use-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse, to lose a race.

Yet I would have her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would have her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day:
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If she bee not tall 'tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaves unstudied no man:
I would have my Mystris grow,
Onely tall to answer No.

Yet I would not have her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip every thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter:
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would have her beare,
More for love of name than bed:
So each childe I have is heyre
To another Mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the Act's afraid,
Every night's another maide.

Such an one as when ſhe's woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are ever chaſt;
For that Maide that thinkes it a ſin
Has betray'd the Fort ſhee's in.

n my visitation still,
would have her scatter feares,
low this man, and that was ill,
lfter protestations Teares:
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

Vhen the Priest first gives our hands,
would have her thinke but thus;
what high and holy bands
eaven, like twins, hath planted us,
That like Arons rod, together
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

An Elegy in praise of Sir *Thomas Overbury and his* Poem.

'Tis dangerous to be *good*: well may we praise
Honesty, or *Innocence*; but who can raise
A pow'r, that shal secur't 'gainst wrongs to come,
When such a *Saint* hath suffer'd martyrdome?
Injurious hands, which 'cause they could not get
The *Gemme* would therefore spoile the *Cabbinet*.
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heaven* her proper and securer home:
Where 'mongst a quire of *Saints* and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, she sings
Those sacred *Halelujahs*: heaven may boast
T'have got that Angel there which we have lost:
But we shall still complaine, for to us *here*,
A *Saint* is more losse than a *Throne* is there.
That *Firmament* of holy fires which we
Enjoy'd whilst thou wert, by enjoying thee,
Lies now rak'd up in ashes, as the light
Of Day, the Sun once gone, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, sometime, the *Sunne* being set,
Appeares, and we anew (though lesse) light get:
So though our greatest *lampe* of vertue be,
By cruell fate extinguished, in thee,
Yet to adde some fresh *oile* t'our *snuffe* of life,
Thou hast behind thee, left a matchlesse *Wife*:

Who

Who hath (ſince that ſad time her Husband dy'd)
Beene woo'd by many, for a ſecond Bride:
But like a chaſt religious widdow, ſhe
Having loſt her firſt mate, ſcornes *bigamie*.

P. B. *medij Temp.*

A Statue erected in memory of Sir *Thomas Overbury* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningſt hand
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a moſt lovely *Virgin* let her ſtand,
And on her head a crowne of pureſt gold.
Firſt let Religion in her heart have place, (ſpring
As th'ground and fountaine, whence all vertues
So that each thought being ſanctified by grace,
She puniſhment t'eſcape that's due to ſinne.
Let *Beauty* (joyn'd with modeſty) appeare
Loves object in her face; and chaſtity
In her faire *eyes* brighter than chryſtall cleare,
Wherein life moves affections led thereby
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be:

And

And at the left, Gods mercies shining bright,
Distributing to each necessity.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her and more
The heavens their influence and by the same
Vnto the blinde their sight let her restore;
Strengthning the weake, and raising up the lame,
Vnder her feet the Devill and darkenesse set,
Let Pride fast bound in chaines behind her lye,
Base selfe-Love, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-lust, and *Envy* from her presence flie,
And on her *Brest*, in golden letters write
Heavens best belov'd, earths chiefest delight.
(Wife;
He that (in's Choice) would meet with such a
Must vow virginity and single life.

On Sir *Thomas Overbury* and his WIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befals me through a Wife;
A Bad one gate me Death, a Good one Life.

CAn

An *Elegy* upon the Death of SIR *Thomas Overbury*

Knight, poysoned in the Tower.

HAast thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned and died, bin stretch out, and laid forth,
After thy farewell Sermon taken earth,
And left no deed to praise thee, but thy birth,
Then Overbury, *by a passe of theirs,*
Thou might'st have ryded hence in two houres teares,
Then had we worne the sprigs of memory
No lenger then thy friends died Rosemary;
Or than the doale-wat eating for thy sake,
And thou hast sunke in thine owne wine and cake;
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
They should'st be priso'n'd, Death hath done thee grace
Rankt thee about the region of thy place,
For none heares poyson nam'd, but makes reply
What Prince was that? what Statesman so did die?
In this thou hast out-dyde an Elegie.
Which were too narrow for posterity,
And thy strong poyson which did seeme to kill,
Working afresh in some Historians quill,
Shall now preserve thee longer ere thou rot,
Than could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor needst thou trust a Herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iustice and of Fame:
Whilst sinne (detesting her owne conscience) strives
To pay the vse and interest of liues.
Enough of ryme, and might it please the Law,
Enough of blood; for naming liues I saw,
He that writes more of thee, must write of more,
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne, by whose Art they may define
What life of man is worth in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Overburie.*

THough dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I heare, I kil:
Thus growne a Politician 'gainst my Will.

I. M.

An Elegy on the late LORD *William Howard*, Baron of Effingham, dead the *tenth of December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I striue
To win acceſſe, or grace, with Lords alive:
The dead I ſerve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion
To theſe I dedicate as much of me (ſpent,
As I can ſpare from my owne husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walke as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire and am aſſur'd,
What tryals in their journeys they endur'd,
What certainties of honour and of worth, (forth,
Their moſt uncertaine Life-times have brought
And vvho ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poore.
Firſt I vvill knovv of Fame, after his peace
When Flattery and Envy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the vvhole man rely upon a vvord,
A badge of title, or above all chance
Seem'd he as ancient as his Cogniſance?

What

What did he? acts of mercy; and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his Traine,
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As Boaſts and invitations uſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke perjury as lou'd a ſinne,
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlave had beene?
Did he ſeeke regular diſpleaſures was he knowne
Iuſt Husband of one Wife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he give freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well deſerving *Client* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keep need vertuous? And that done not feare
What Lady damn'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparell don
Put he no Widdow nor an Orphan on?
Did he love ſimple vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But above all, did his Religion waite
Vpon Gods throne or on the chaire of ſtate?
He that is guilty of no *Quære* here,
Out-laſts his Epitaph out lives his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negative goodneſſe ever had?

Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe than on the earth,
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a publike fate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die,
Ere cuſtome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes have paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoff by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And have no uſe of Slander, or of wit:
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the tide,
The Water-men have neither rayl'd nor lide.
Of good and bad ther's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to encreaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th' whole crue
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew:
I were too ſad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath diſordred all, miſplacing thee.
Whilſt now thy Herald in his line of hearſes
Blots out thy name, and fils the ſpace with teares.

And

And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather,
Made the prepoſtrous ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would write,
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glorie or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

---

‡ *Ad Comitiſſam Rutlandiæ.*

MAdame, ſo may my verſes pleaſing be,
So you may laugh at them, and not at me.
'Tis ſomething to you gladly I would ſay,
But how to do't, I cannot find the way.
I would avoyd the common beaten waies
To Woman uſed, which are love or praiſe:
As for the firſt, the little wit I have,
Is not yet growne ſo neere unto the grave,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceive of what, and unto whom I write.
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe witleſſe rage,
Can figh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
When each is but a great blot at the beſt:
Such as do backs of books and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

‡ Not in the earlier Editions.

Such as were well resolv'd to end their daies,
With a lowd laughter blowne beyond the Seas;
Who are so mortifi'd, that they can live
Contem'd of all the world, and yet forgive.
Write love to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in every company,
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
Was hot in love with Q. *Elizabeth*,
And for the last in all my idle daies,
I never yet did living woman praise
In prose or verse: and when I doe begin,
I'l pick some woman out as full of sinne
As you are full of vertue, with a soule
As blacke, as yours is white: A face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for it shall be
Out of the rules of Physiognomy,
So farre that I doe feare I must displace
The Art a little to let in her face:
It shall at least foure Faces be below
The devils and her parched corps shall show,
In her loose skin as if some spirit she were,
Kept in a bag by some great Conjurer:
Her breath shall be as horrible and vild,
As every word you speake is sweet and mild,
It shall be such an one as will not be
Cover'd with any Art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes and drinke,
She shall make nothing but a dearer stinke.

Shee ſhall have ſuch a foot, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my praiſes upon ſuch,
Tis Charity and I ſhall merit much.
My praiſe will come to her like a full boule,
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thurſty ſoule;
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my Rime,
I looſe my Inke, my Paper and my time;
And nothing adde to your o'erflowing ſtore,
And tell you nought but what you knew before.
Nor doe the vertuous minded (which I ſweare,
Madame, I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their owne perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to have your vertues knowne,
Pardon me Madame, I would thinke them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter growne,
In ſeeking of a ſubject yet findes none?
But your brave thoughts which I much expect
Above your glories titles, ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſorder'd Lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe up your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet far from all baſe praiſe and flattery,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſervile flatt'ry ſhow,
If I write truth, and make the ſubject you.

An

An Elegie on the Death of *the LADY Rutland.*

I May forget to drinke, to eate, to sleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I do, to weepe
In wel weigh'd lines, that men shal at thy hearse
Envy the sorrow which brought forth my verse;
May my dull understanding have the might.
Onely to know her last was yesternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sidney* will more force a teare,
'Tis she that is so dead; and yet there be
Some more alive professe not poetrie:
The Statesmen and the Lawyers of our time
Have busines still, yet doe it not in rime:
Can she be dead, and can there be of those
That are so dull, to say their prayers in prose?
It is three daies since she did feele Deaths hand,
And yet this Ile not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At such a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all say they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write, because their Muse is dead.
Heare me then speake which will take no excuse,
Sorrow can make a verse without a Muse.

Why

Why didſt thou die ſo ſoone? O pardon me,
I know, it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan,
Since the Almighty left to ſtrive with man;
Mankind is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of the buſines which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Have quite out-liv'd their owne Arithmeticke.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to mette thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women; marriage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie:
For whom thou had'ſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name
A name which who (that were again to doote)
Would change without a thouſand ioyes to boote?
In all things elſe: thou rather led'ſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin than a Wife.
But yet I would have cald thy Fortune kind,
If it had onely traide the ſettled minde.
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, than might have
Thy beſt remebrance to have caſt an eie (wroght
Backe with delight upon thine infancie:
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the uſe of teares
Sorrow laid up againſt thoſe com'ſt yeeres,
Ere thou were able, who thou were to tell,
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In

In a dull clime which did not understand
What 'twas to venture him, to save a Land;
He left two children who for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lov'd of all: Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from us tooke
Thee a more faultlesse issue, than this Booke,
Which now the onely living thing we have
From him wee'l see, shall never finde a grave
As thou hast done; alas, would it might be,
That Bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might see this maried to the worth,
And many Poems like it selfe bring forth:
But this vaine wish Divinity controules,
For neither to the Angels nor to the soules,
Nor any thing he meant should ever live,
Did the wise God of Nature sexes give;
Then with his everlasting worke alone
We must content our selves since she is gone,
Gone like the day thou dyedst upon, and we
May call that backe againe as soone as thee. (all
Who should have lookt to this, where were you
That doe your selves the helpes of Nature call
Physitians I acknowledge you were there
To sell such words as one in health would heare:
So died she: Curst be he who shall defend
Your Art of hastning Nature to an end.
In this you shew'd that Physicke can but be
At best, an Art to cure your povertie.

Y'are

Y'are many of you impoſtors, and may give
To ſicke men potions that your ſelves doe live.
He that hath ſurfetted and cannot eate,
Muſt have a medicine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill,
Vnleſſe it be ſome knovvledge hovv to kill.
Sorrovv and madneſſe make my verſes flovv
Croſſe to my underſtanding. For I knovv
You can doe vvonders; every day I meete
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreet
From deſperate diſeaſes freed, and vvhy
Reſtore you them and ſuffer her to die?
Why ſhould the State allovv you Colledges,
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting bloud,
Can onely cure the bad and not the good?
Which only they can doe, and I vvill ſhovv
The hidden reaſon vvhy you did not knovv
The vvay to cure her. You beleev'd her bloud
Ran in ſuch courſes as you underſtood,
By Lectures you beleev'd her arteries
Grevv as they doe in your Anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allovves you none,
Bnt onely vvhores and theeves to practiſe on:
And every paſſage about them. I am ſure
You underſtood and only them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both———
Are noted for enjoying ſo long lives.

But

But noble blood treades in too strange a path
For your ill-got Experience, and hath
Another way of cure. If you have seene
Penelope dissected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might have found a way
To have preserved from that fatall day.
As 'tis. You have but made her sooner blest,
By sending her to heaven, where let her rest.
I wil not hurt the peace which she should
By longer looking in her quiet grave, (have,

FINIS.

The Method.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof, Children. Then of his country, Luſt; *then for his choyce, firſt his opinion negatively, what ſhould not be: the Firſt cauſes of it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmative, what ſhould bee, of which kind there are foure:* Goodneſſe, Knowledge, Diſcretion, and *as a ſecond thing,* Beauty. *The firſt onely abſolutely good: the other being built upon the firſt, doe likewiſe become ſo. Then the application of that woman by love to himſelfe, which makes her a Wife. And laſtly, the only condition of a Wife,* Fitneſſe.

A WIFE

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankind,
And doth in little even as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the ſame againe:
God fram'd Her ſo, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eve*, ſhould all the *world of woman* be,

So

So fram'd he both that neither powver he gave
Vſe of themſelves but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their face, the *Faire* no pleaſure have,
But by *reflex* of vvhat thence other take
Our Lips in their ovvne Kiſſe no pleaſure finde;
Tovvard their proper Face our eyes are blind.

So God in *Eve* did *perfect* Man, *begin*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam* God created only *one*,
Eve & the *world to come*, in *Eve* he made. (ſtraies,
We are *two halfes*: whiles each from other
Both barren are; *Ioyn'd*, *both* their *like* can raiſe.

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man *She-man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eves*, *Eve* Mother of Mankinde,
Eve from *Live-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed.
One thus made *two*, *Mariage* doth re-unite,
And makes them but both one *Hermaphrodite*.

A WIFE.

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* she from *Man*:
And therefore *Eve* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Marriage their object is; their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receive from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted so,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chastitie,
Whereby *two soules* into *one Body* go.
Which makes *two*, *one*, while here they living
And after death in their *posterity*.

God to *each Man a private woman* gave,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort* like himselfe might have,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *use*, part of their end,
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part* of *time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* have lent.
Children are Bodies sole *Eternity*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *mans* instrument.
Now all *mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Lust*; I know tis infinite,
It still *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is everlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taste* of it is onely in the *Sense*,
The *operation* in the *Conscience*.

Woman is not *Lusts bounds*, but *Woman-kinde*;
One is *Loves number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no *new rest* shall finde,
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Lust* cannot finde,
For *Lust* is still with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

A WIFE.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is ev'n with his,
For *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill have *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Ye Hee's the ſame without variety.

Marriage our *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*.
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choiſe of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

Or rather let me *Love*, then *be in love*
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approove*:
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* have, their Love is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their bodies be,
But matter fit to ſhew our love upon:
But onely *ſhells* for our *poſterity*,
Their ſoules were giv'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For but the *Soules*; *interpreters*, *words be*,
Without which *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well digeſted food;
This but twixt *Duſt*, *and Duſt*, *lifes middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne;
Short even of pictures, ſhorter liv'd the Life,
And yet the *love* ſurvives, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet, to ſatisfie.

All

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*;
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weake; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at firſt *view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by us, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enjoying we*
Make *ours become*, ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe than *Beauty*, ſhall my reaſon blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *active Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, than *paſſive* from her Anceſtry,
Rather in *her alive* one vertue ſee,
Than all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

A WIFE.

In Degrees, high rather, be ſhe plaſt,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, *and Policy*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of time paſt:
And Love doth only but the *preſent* ſee,
Things were firſt made then *words*: ſhe were the ſame
With, or *without*, *that little* or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will ſhun it, nor may aime it make,
Birth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, nothing vvorth alone,
All theſe I vvould for *good additions* take,
Nor for *Good parts*, thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing frō *themſelves* hath ioin'd

Rather then theſe the object of my *Love*,
Let it be *Good*, vvhen theſe vvith vertue go,
They (in themſelves *indifferent*) vertues prove,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be ſo,
Gods Image in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *Love* upon! not *Adams* in her *Face*.

Good

A WIFE,

Good, is a fairer artribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes Beauty* keepes the *other* ſweete,
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor gloſſe, nor painting can it counterfeit:
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which ever tend
At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *Good* I would have *Holy* underſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot love, but alſo *mee*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion even the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie,
As ſhe is *more* a *Maied* that *raviſht* is,
Then She which onely doth but *wiſh amiſſe*,

Luſt onely by *Religion* is withſtood,
Luſts object is alive, his ſtrength within,
Mortality reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſin*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She findes, that's *watch*, by her ovvne *conſcince*.

A WIFE.

Then may I truſt her *Body* with her *mind*,
And, thereupon ſecure neede never Know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Love* doth find
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, than *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of evils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie, but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill never die:
Nor will the griefe more milde by cuſtome prove,
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie.
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our love*,
This miſerie doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may proove her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicious may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *God* prevents from having ſuch a *will*.
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities, yet in a *Good* the *laſt*.

To

A WIFE.

To beare the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealouſie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be avoyded are,
When they *occaſion* of *unlawfull* be:
Luſt ere it hurts, is beſt deſcryed afarre:
Luſt is a ſinne *of two*, he that is ſure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* ſecure.

Give me next *Good*, an *underſtanding Wife*
By Nature *wiſe*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on her ſide, will all my life
More ſcope of converſation impart:
Beſides her inborne vertue fortifie.
They are moſt firmly good, that beſt know why.

A *paſſive underſtanding* to conceive,
And iudgement to diſcerne, I wiſh to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and *pregnant wit* in woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, makes fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballaſt*, but more *ſaile*.

Domeſtick

A WIFE.

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sex* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leyſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leyſure* 'tis corrupteth *Woman-kind*:
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heav'n a ſhorter cut then vve.

Bookes are a part of mans prerogative,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That vve to them our ſolitude may give,
And make *Time-preſent* travell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backvvard do extend.

As *good*, and knovving let her be *Diſcreete*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring,
Diſcretion doth conſider vvhat is *Fit*.
Goodneſſe but vvhat is *lawfull*, but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumſtances*, *Learning* is and *wit*,
In men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes, their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*: on likelihoods it ſtands,
and hard to be diſprove'd, *Luſt ſtanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſupition*.

Womans *Behaviour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *deny*,
Without *denying*, *thereby* kept they are
Safe ev'n from *Hope*, in part to blame is ſhe,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride,
He comes *too neere*, that comes to be *denied*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *marry* are.
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone,
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*,
Beauty is *Health* and *Beauty*, both in one,
Be ſhe ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine,
So faire, as ſhe moſt *Woman* elſe containe.

A WIFE.

So faire at leaſt let me imagine Her,
That thought to *me* is *Truth* : *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre,
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*,
And as my *Fancy Her* conceives to be,
Even ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The *Face* we may the ſeat of *Beauty* call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay ev'n a figure of the *Minde* withall :
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moves in the *Eye*,
No things elſe, being *two* ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies.
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*,
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmony*,
Of every part united in the *Eye*.

Love

A WIFE.

Love is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelfe hath fram'd:
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, than from the object is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loves *object*; *Woman* Luſt's to gaine;
Love, Love deſires; *Luſt*, onely to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, native *Comlineſſe*,
Nay ev'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *modeſty*
Tend, than *Aſſurance*: *Modeſty* doth ſet
The face in her juſt place, from *Paſſions* free.
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies beauty met*;
But *Modeſty* no vertue can we ſee;
That is the faces onely *Chaſtity*.

Wher

A WIFE.

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their deſire mores ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtity* of *men* doth often lye:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it as other ſinnes be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts a Perfect woman* make:
Adde *Love to me*, thay make a *Perfect Wife*:
Without her *Love*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* gives it life:
Till then Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Love*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*,
Selfe-love (which ſecond Loves hath built upon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her love reſpect,
No man but favours his owne worthes effect.

As

As *Good* and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for me,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted ſelfe*, and ſhe
As Me, ſo what I love, to Love muſt frame.
For when by Mar-riage both in one concure
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

FINIS.

The Authours Epitaph,
written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my daies meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is my body, but my ſoule his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Love can clime;
Where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below:
Onely this duſt doth here in pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolves, ſhe come againe.

CHARACTERS,

OR,

Wittie descriptions of the pro-

perties of sundry Persons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnesse of disposition which meetes his stoutnesse more pleasingly; so wooll meets Iron easier than Iron, and

resisting into imbracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Dishonesty* never comes neerer than her eares, and there wonder stops it out, and saves vertue the labour. Shee leaves the neat youth, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts backe the *Serving-mans* putting forward, with a frowne; yet her kindnesse is free enough to bee seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behaviour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to love it; and if shee have it not at home, shee will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent shee dares chide her *Sex*, though Shee use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good cloathes, but never better; for thee findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of her

her owne, and so seekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed most, but not much of description, for she is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now she is given fresh and alive to a Husband, and shee doth nothing more than love him, for shee takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the businesse of her actions, and shee doth her selfe kindnesse upon him. After his, her chiefest vertue is a good husband. For *She is Hee.*

A very Woman.

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bak't man, or as *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes short, *strength* and *understanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modesty*, that keepes a man from climbing over into her faults. Shee simpers as if shee had no teeth but lips: and shee divides her eyes, and keepes halfe for

her selfe, and gives the other to her neat *Youth*. Being set downe, shee casts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to professe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in private and stretcheth her upon meat. Shee is *Marriageable* and *Foureteene* at once; and after shee doth not live, but tarry. Shee reads over her face every morning, and sometime blots out pale, and writes red. Shee thinks she is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loves her glasse, and the Knight of the Sunne for lying. She is hid away all but her face, and that is hang'd about with toyes and devices, like the signe of a Taverne, to draw *Strangers*. If shee shew more, shee prevents desire, and by too free giving, leaves no *Gift*. Shee may escape from the Serving-man, but not from the Chamber-maid. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that shee

may goe for a maid, but shee hath beene lyen with in her vnderstanding. Her *Philosophy* is a seeming neglect of those that be too good for her. Shee's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too bigge for it; yet her *Vanitie* seldome matcheth her with one of her owne degree, for then shee will beget another creature a begger, and commonly, if shee marry better she marries worse. She gets much by the simplicity of her Sutor, and for a iest, laughs at him without one. Thus shee dresses a husband for her selfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adioyning, yee may see it; in a Serving-mans fresh *Naperie*, and his Leg steps into an vnknowne stocking. I neede not speake of his *Garters*, the tassell shewes it selfe. If shee love, shee loves not the Man, but the best of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking consumption: every caudle she gives him, is a purge. Her chiefe

commendation is, ſhee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*, her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhee quencheth her thirſt. She travels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Country comes in cleane Linnen to viſit her: ſhee breaks to them her grieſe in ſugar cakes, and receives from their mouthes in exchange many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Son is like her howſoever, and that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her utmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhee obtaines at the yeeres of diſcretion. She takes a journey ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but never thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Devotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe and faſhi-

on,

on, and are ſilent if ſhe bee more devout, ſhe lifts up a certaine number of eyes, in ſtead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, iuſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where ſhe never overtakes it, or drives it before her againe: Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting Gentlewoman*, and a *Chamber-maid*; ſhe weares her Gentlewoman ſtill, but moſt often leaves the other in her Chamber window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhe ſmels the ſweeter for it. The utmoſt reach of her *Providence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt envie, is the next Gentlewomans better Gowne. Her moſt commandable skill, is to make her Husbands Fuſtian beare her Velvet. This ſhe doth many times over, and then is delivered to old Age and a Chaire, wher every body leaves her.

A Dissembler

IS an essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, unto the eare he is harsh, but unto the understanding intricate, and full of windings: hee is the *prima materia*, and his intents give him forme, hee dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He wins not by battery, but undermining, and his racke is smoothing. Hee allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brookers of his observation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaves a net for occasion: the Inquisitor must looke thorow his judgement, for to the eye onely he is not visible.

A Courtier.

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the underſtanding, but this by the ſenſes; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about Princes. Hee ſmels; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſituation of his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and hee hath but one receipt of making love. Hee followes nothing but inconſtancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loves nothings. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends upon the charging. Hee

is

is not, if he be out of Court, but fish-like breathes destruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he mooves by the upper *Spheares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloake, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Divell; he is followed like a salt bitch, and lim'd by him that gets up first; his dispostion is cut, and knaves rent him like Tenter-hookes; hee is as blind as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends, he is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When he goes, he looks who lookes: if he finde not good store of vailers,

vailers, he comes home ſtiffe and ſeare, vntill hee bee new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoever he eates he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more than his beauty; they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he hath had the Wolfe of vaine glory, which he fed, untill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS the ſhadow of a Foole. He is a good wood-man, for hee ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is ever of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake he will halt or weare a wrie necke. Hee diſpraiſeth nothing but poverty, and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the other gifts: hee is ready for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke goe together. He will play any upon his countenance, and where hee cannot be admitted for a counſellor, hee will ſerve as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wives or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-bookes. In a word, hee is the impreſſion of the laſt Term, and will be ſo, untill the comming of a new Terme or Termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *inſectum animal*; for hee is the maggot of opinion, his behaviour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed,

glewed, and but ſet on. Hee entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. Hee gets the names of good wits, and utters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion: and dares not ſalute a man in old clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publike aſſembly without him, and hee will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew hee will be one, though hee be but a whiffler, or a torch-bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. Hee handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entituling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more than hee underſtands, and adventures his words without the releefe of any ſeconds. Hee relates battels, and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eyes theeviſhly beguiled a bal-

lad

lad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe understand himselfe, but hopes fame and opinion will bee the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timist

IS *a Noune Adjective of the present tense.* He hath no more of a conscience than Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. Hee reverenceth a Courtiers Servants servant. Is first his owne Slave, and then whosoever looketh big; when he gives he curseth, and when he sels he worships. He reades the Statutes in his Chamber, and weares the Bible in the Streetes: he never praiseth any, but before themselves or friends: and mislikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeares gifts are ready at *Alhallomas*, and the sute hee meant to meditate before them. He pleaseth the children of great

great men, and promiseth to adopt them; and his courtesie extends it selfe even to the stable. Hee straines to talke wisely, and his modesty would serve a Bride. He is gravity from the head to the foot, but not from the head to the heart: you may finde what place he affecteth, for hee creepes as neere it as may bee, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, he swelleth with them and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amorist

IS a cerain blasted or planet-strooken, and is the Dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when hee is at the best, his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. Hee is never without verses, and muske comfits; and sighs to the hazzard of his but-

ton;

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the livery of his Mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly uſed, as if their beſt uſe was nothing but embracements. Hee is untruſt, unbutton'd and ungartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but eare; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Sometimes hee wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but he goeth not alone; for then hee makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her favour lifts him up, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe disfavours, unable to hold that happineſſe, it falls downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe upon ſome inſtrument. Hee anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no marvell, for hee is not at home. Hee ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather; he

he is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination ie a foole, and it goeth in a pyde-coat of red and white: shortly, he is transiated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitor of his own discretion.

An Affected Traveller

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seen more then he hath perceived. His Attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. Hee censures all things by countenances, and shrugs; and speakes his owne language with shame and lisping, he will choake, rather then confesse *Beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour. He chuseth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, than not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howſoever. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with mean. He takes occaſion to ſhew jewels given him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after having with a *Mountebanks* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, impawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtivall dayes he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canvaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeemes as converſant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell the the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offers courteſies, to ſhew them, rather than himſelfe humble. Hee diſdaines all things above his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his own. Hee imputeth

puteth his want and poverty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne unworthinesse: and concludes his discourse with halfe a period, or a word, & leaves the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soule are governed by fame, hee loves most voices above truth.

A Wiseman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not. Hee hides himselfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He lookes according to nature, so goes his behavior. His minde enjoyes a continuall smoothnesse: so commeth it, that his consideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

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their actions; by this meanes, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keepe his owne, and beats off their ill-affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flyes. He chuseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance; and his minde, by giving it preheminence over his body. He understands things, not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to provoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties; for fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath divided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and lives subiect neither to Tim, nor his frailties; the servant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

HAth ſurveied and fortified his diſpoſition, and converts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, ſcornes ſhame, and governeth and obayeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye, mounted upon his underſtanding, ſeeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its owne

imbecillity to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his weakenesse, to weare Fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne destiny. Truth is the Goddesse, and hee takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him; and sticks not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one center or period, without all distraction, he hasteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confesse her. He is no Gamester of the world (which only complaine and praise her) but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of scum. Vnto the society of men he is a *Sunne*, whose clearenesse directs their steps in a regular motion: when he

is

is more particular, hee is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from, but with him: and hee feeles age more by the strength of his soule, than the weakenesse of his body; thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and helpe him out of prison.

An Old man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their owne times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become rinckled with fromning & facing youth; they admire their old customes, even to the eating of red herring, and going wetshod. They cast the thumbe under the girdle, Gravitie; and because they can

hardly ſmel at all, their Poſies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driveled beards. Their diſcourſe is unanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lyes paſſe with an equall affirmation: for their memories ſeverall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſervants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaves are carved and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their gravity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in ſummer. Their hatts are bruſhed, to draw mens eyes off from

their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Country Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of Peace is produced. He ſpeakes ſtatutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wiſe man; hee is well skilled in *Arithmiticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſave two-pence. His converſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His travell is ſeldom farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he travelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſave charges, he rewards the Servants by taking him by the hand when hee de-

parts

parts. Nothing under a *Sub-pœna* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, hee ſticks faſt upon every object, caſts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every Cutpurſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerve him for his holy-day talke. If he goe to Court; it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it bee in Winter, in a ſlight taffety cloke, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the Vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellors; he hath thus much toward entertainement and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more uſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee conjures his poore Countrimen. But this is not his element, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whose barke is more worth than his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbes may reade it. Hee alloweth of no judge, but the eye; painting, boulstering, and bombasting are his *Orators*: by these also hee proves his industry: for he hath purchased legges, haire, beauty, and straightnesse, more than nature left him. He unlockes maiden heads with his language, and speaks *Euphues*, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behaviour, but he buyes it at Court, as Countrey-men their clothes in Birchinlane. Hee is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and lives in the flame of love, which paines hee expresseth comically: and nothing grieves him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his love; yet hee sighes sweetly, and speakes lamentably:

tably: for his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas; for the Boares head and Reveller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and leſt Fidlers ſhould take him unprovided, he weares pumps in his pocket: and leſt he ſhould take Fidlers unprovided, he whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeeres, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards he maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold, by craving and uſhering. For all this, he is judiciall onely in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion in ever ready, and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lyes wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, overthrone by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Elder:

Characters.

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature borne to the beſt advantage of things without him; that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loiters it away before the ending. He lookes like his Land, as heavily and durtily, as ſtubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life, and minority. The firſt thing he makes known, is his Eſtate; and the Load ſtone that drawes him, is the upper end of the Table. He wooeth by a particular; and his ſtrongeſt argument is all about the Ioynture. His obſervation is all about the faſhion, and he commends partlets for a rare device. He ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of Dogs, or Hawkes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice-height. He loves to be commended and hee will goe into the Kitchin, but heele have it. He loves glorie; but is ſo lazie, as hee is content with flattery. He ſpeakes moſt of the precedencie

dency of age, and protests fortune the greatest vertue. He summoneth the old servants, & tels what strange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeves house-keepers the best commonwealths men; and therefore studies baking, brewing, greasing, and such as the limbes of goodnesse. He judgeth it no small signe of wisdome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but never speeds. If his understanding were not honester than his wil, no man should keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to sell all he can to opinion. His pedegree and his fathers fealering, are the stilts of his crazed disposition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, than not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inviting of men to his house; and he thinks it a great modesty to comprehend his cheere under a piece of Mutton and a Rabbet; if he by this time be not knowne, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to have himselfe concealed, than his land-

land; yet hee is(as you see) good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welshman

IS the Oyster that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him, Hee hath the abilities of the mind in *Potentia*, and *Actu* nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body: and hee accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue; above all things he loves an Herauld, and speakes pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Cousin; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so hee prevents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and unconquered language, and courts Ladies with the storie of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in

in his owne conceit, and vpon S. *Davids* day without compariſon.

A pedant

HEe treades in a rule, and one hand ſcannes verſes, and the other holds his Scepter. Hee dares not thinke a thought, that the Nominative caſe governes not the Verbe; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is *Criticiſme*, and his example *Tully*, He values phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight Parts of ſpeech are his ſervants.

To be briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants the plurall number, having only the ſingly qualite of words.

A Ser-

A Servingman

IS *a creature, which though hee bee not drunke, yet is not his owne man.* Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the ſuperſcription of his Livery. His life is for eaſe and leaſure, much about *Gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to ſuffice Nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if he were ſure of it; for hee hath little, and wants nothing, hee values himſelfe higher or lower, as his Maſter is. Hee hates or loves the men, as his Maſter doth the Maſter. Hee is commonly proud of his Maſters horſes or his Chriſtmas: he ſleepes when he is ſleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his ſtomacke is ſet to goe an houre after his. Hee ſeldome breakes his owne clothes. He never drinks but double, for hee muſt bee pledg'd; nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence nothing to the purpoſe: and ſeldome abſtaines all

hee comes to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull or his Maſters credit, and his ſufficiency to mar-ſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carve well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible bawdie ieſtes; and againſt his matter faile, he is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-maid, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better; he alwayes cuckolds himſelfe, and never marries but his owne widdow. His Maſter being appeaſed, hee becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſterity upon his heire-males for ever.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a ſigne: or the Signe is the ſhell, and *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile.

Hee

Hee consists of double beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and gives his Guests power, as well of himselfe as his house. Hee answers all mens expectations to his power, save in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse to lay all mis-likes upon his servants. His wife is the *Cumming seede* of his Dove-house; and to bee a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for Guests by mens friends, friends friends, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neither eates, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe.* Hee consists of Travellers, though hee be none

himſelfe. His higheſt ambition is to bee *Hoſt*, and the invention of his ſigne is his greateſt wit: for the expreſſing wher-of hee ſends away the Painters for want of underſtanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horſe mouth, that hee ſhould not eat his hay: and behind your backe, hee will coozen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for hee expreſſeth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a ſpinners card turn'd out of ſervice. He puffes and blowes over your horſe, to the hazard of a double jugge: and leaves much of the dreſſing to the proverbe of *Muli mutuo ſcabient*, One horſe rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals loudeſt, not firſt; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knave hee feeles it not. Vtmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, & he ſpeakes Northerne, what country man ſoever. He hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence; hee loves to ſee you ride and hold your ſtirrop in expectation.

The true Character of a Dunce.

HEe hath a ſoule drowned in a lumpe of fleſh, or is a piece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſweare his ſoule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. Hee ſleeps as he goes, and his thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further then his eyes. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoule lie fallow, or are like the reſtive Iades, that no ſpur can drive forwards towards the perſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt unprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane beſides the right uſe, made fit for the cart & the flayle; and by miſchance intangled amongſt books and papers. A man cannot tell poſſibly what hee is now good

for, ſave to move up and downe and fill roome, or to ſerve as *animatum inſtrumentum*, for others to worke withall in baſe imployments, or to be foile for better wits, or to ſerve (as they ſay Monſters doe) to ſet out the variety of nature, and ornament of the univerſe. Hee is meere nothing of himſelfe, neither eates, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath ſet-formes and faſhions, which he never varies, but ſtickes to with the like plodding conſtance, that a mil-horſe followes his trace. But the Muſes and the Graces are his hard Miſtreſſes, though he daily invocate them, though he ſacrifice *Hecatombs*, they ſtill look aſquint. You ſhall note him oft (beſides his dull eye, and lowring head, and a certaine clammy benūmed pace) by a faire diſplaied beard, a night-cap, and a gowne, whoſe very wrinckles proclaime him the true *Genius* of familiarity. But of all others, his diſcourſe, and compoſitions beſt ſpeake him, both of thē are much of one ſtuffe

and fashion. Hee speakes iust what his bookes or last company said unto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome understand himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last: for what he heard or read yesterday, hee now disgraceth his memory or Notebooke of, not his understanding, for it never came there. What hee hath, hee flings abroad at all adventures, without accommodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters up and downe windlesse without recovery, and whatsoever next presents it selfe, his heavy conceit seizeth upon, and goeth along with, how-ever *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Iests are either old flead *Proverbs*, or leane-starv'd-hackney *Apothegmes*, or poore verbal quips, outworne by Servingmen, Tapsters, and Milkemaides, even laid aside by Baladers. Hee assents to all men that bring any shaddow of reason, and you may make him when hee speakes most Dog-

matically even with one breath, to averre poore contradictions. His compositions differ onely *terminorum positione*, from dreames; nothing but rude heapes of immateriall, incoherent, drossie, rubbish stuffe, promiscuously thrust up together. Enough to infuse dulnesse and barrennesse in conceit into him that is so prodigall of his eares, as to give the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with suffring such durty stuffe cast into it. As unwelcome to any true conceit, as sluttish morsels, or wallowish potions to a nice stomack, which whiles hee empties himselfe, it stickes in his teeth, nor can hee be delivered without sweat and sighes, and hems and coughs, enough to shake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He spits and scratches, and spawles, and turnes like sicke men from one elbow to another, and deserves as much pirty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Fevers*, or selfe-lashing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe him quite asunder, and examine every

shred

ſhred of him, you ſhall finde him to bee iuſt nothing, but the ſubject of nothing, the object of contempt; yet ſuch as he is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould ever become better.

A good Wife

IS amans beſt moveable, a Scien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friend, leſſe then trouble: an equall with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. She is relative in all; and hee without her, but halfe himſelfe. Shee is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. Shee frames her nature unto his howſoever: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more wil-

willingly. Stubbornesse and obstinacy are hearbs that grow not in her garden. Shee leaves tattling to the Gossips of the Towne, and is more seene then heard. Her household is her charge; her care to that, makes her seldome *non residents*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By his discretion she hath children; not wantons; a husband without her, is a misery in mans apparrell: none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, shee is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a strayer from the drove: one that Nature made a sociable, because shee made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altred. Impleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's

there's his pleasure. his imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continuall motion as the poise the clocke: hee winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thrives faster. He'le seldome be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottome a river dwels. Hee carries a cloud in his face, never faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that hee keeps a *Decorum*, both unseemely. Speake to him; hee heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leysure. Hee thinkes businesse, but never does any: hee is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to some purpose; but they prove unprofitable, as a piece of wrought timber to no use. His Spirits, and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breath, according to the

neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup up a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerve at thrice. Hee denies nature her due in ſleepe, and nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies: they are the conſuming evils, and evill conſumptions that conſume him alive. Laſtly, hee is a man onely in ſhew, but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoule, which is mans chiefe preeminence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenſible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht piece of reaſon calckt, and tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. Hee is part of his owne Proviſion, for he lives ever pickled. A fore-winde is the ſubſtance of his Creede; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. Hee is naturally ambitious, for

for hee is ever climing: out of which as naturally hee feares; for hee is ever flying: time and he are every where, ever contending who ſhall arrive firſt: he is well winded, for hee tires the day, and out-runnes darkeneſſe. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he live till three coates, is a maſter. He ſees GODS wonders in the deepe: but ſo, as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, than ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can convert him, and then but his upper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his ſtepes are but repreevals of his dangers, and when hee wakes, tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſedome is the coldeſt part about him, for it ever poynts to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour every tide oreflowe it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leave ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may bee ſaved beſt, whether his faith bee

ſtarre-

ſtarre-boord faith, or lar-boord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heaven: his keele is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it bee ſplit hee never repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new nations: his body and his ſhippe are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, only the ſhip is guided, hee has no ſterne: a Barnacle and hee are bred together, both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reaſon: upon any but a woodden horſe hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him, hee dare not: hee ſwarves up to his ſeate as to a ſaile-yard, and cannot ſit unleſſe hee beare a flag-ſtaffe: if ever hee bee broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for hee miſ-takes the bridle for a bowlin, and is ever turning his horſe-taile: hee can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when hee would, hee dares not, for his brackiſh beliefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a

quicke-

quicke-ſand pluckes him before hee bee ripe, elſe hee is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough; which honour and *aqua-vitæ*, two fiery metald Iades, are ever drawing. A yonger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder the thankes for them; every heate makes him a harveſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: hee is actively his Princes, but paſſively his angers ſervant. Hee is often a deſirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his ſtrongeſt armor: hee is a lover at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly hee covers not, leſſe is below him: hee never truely wants, but in much having, for then his eaſe and

lechery

lechery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the ſonnes of *Anak*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt devotion keeps beſt quarter: he ſeldome ſees gray hayres, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh gives fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Cleargy, for hee loves his greateſt enemie beſt: much drinking. Hee ſeemes a full ſtudent, for he is a great deſirer of controverſies, he argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diſeaſes. no time to argue,

gue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and hee appeares a most rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

IS a creature made up of threeds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when hee was rough-cast. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to serve GOD, but to cover sinne. Other mens pride is the best Patron, and their negligence, a maine passage to his profit. Hee is a thing of more than ordinary judgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the low set toose of his crosse legged Fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notoriousnesse alwaies upon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to re-

siſt them. A tenne groates fee ſetteth them on foot, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. Hee handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazzard of many poore Ægyptian Vermines; and in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will cover the top of his middle finger. Of all weapons hee moſt affecteth the long Bill; and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was a ſleepe while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt pieces are ſtill marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery ſhall be caſt downe into hell. He is partly an Alchymiſt; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerveth, making a brokers ſhop his Alembicke,

bicke, can turne your ſilkes into gold, and having furniſhed his neceſſities, after a month or two if hee be urged unto it, reduce them againe to their proper ſubſtance. Hee is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician; cunning enough for Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Subſtraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& uſque ad ultimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charity. For any Skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; for hee could never yet find out the dimenſions of his owne conſcience: Notwithſtanding hee hath many bottomes, it ſeemeth this is alwaies bottomleſſe. Hee is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of meaſure. And ſo with a *Libera nos à malo*; I leave you, promiſing to amend whatſoever is amiſſe, at his next ſetting.

A Puritane

IS a diſeas'd piece of *Apocrypha:* bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is ever whiſtling. Truely whoſe child he is, is yet unknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found; Bragger and hee flouriſht about a time firſt; his fiery zeale keepes him continually coſtive, which withers him into his owne tranſlation; and till hee eate a Schoole man, he is hide-bound; hee ever prayes againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for hee never keepes neere his Text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March beere, hee mur-

murmures at; what it disallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline: Where the gate stands open, hee is ever seeking a stile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, hee creepes through, give him advice, you runne into *Traditions*, and urge a modest course, he cryes out *Councels*. His greatest care is to contemne obedience, his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanely; Hee is now become so crosse a kinde of teaching, that should the Church enjoyne cleane shirts, hee were lowsie: more sense than single prayers is not his; nor more in those, than still the same petitions: from which hee either feares a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing. Shew him a Ring, hee runs backe like a Beare; and hates square dealing as allied to caps: a paire of Organs blow him out oth' Parish, and are the onely glister-pipes to coole him. Where the meat is best, there hee confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his

eating: good bits he holds breede good positions, and the Pope hee beſt concludes againſt, in Plom-broth. Hee is often drunke, but not as wee are, temporally, nor can his ſleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very ſoule reele, and that ſmall Beere that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keepes him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in private houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruite, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which hee ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt hee dare not bee, for that loves order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremony, and made but maſter of it hee is converted.

A Whore

IS a high-way to the Divell, hee that lookes upon her with desire, begins his voiage: hee that staies to talke with her, mends his pace, and who enjoyes her, is at his journies end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleasure, dasht over with a little decking to hold colour: tast her shee's dead, and fals upon the pallate; the sins of other women shew in Landscip, far off and full of shadow, hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger in the life: shee prickes betimes, for her stocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, shee growes a Medler: Her trade is opposite to any other, for shee sets up without credit, and too much custome breakes her; The money that she gets is like a Traitors, given only to corrupt her; and what shee gets, serves but to pay diseases. Shee is ever moo'rd in sinne, and ever mending; and after

thirty, she is the Chirurgions creature: shame and repentance are two strangers to her, and onely in an hospitall acquainted. Shee lives a Reprobate, like *Cain*, still branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iustice like a Felon. The first yeere of her trade shee is an Eyesse, scratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the Second a Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, shee's an intermewers, preies for her selfe, and ruffles all shee reaches; from thence to tenne shee bares the name of white Whore, and then her blood forsakes her with salt Rheumes, and now shee has mewed three coats; now shee growes weary and diseas'd together, favours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and scowres to keepe her coole, yet still shee takes in stones, she fires her selfe else: the next remove is Haggard, still more cunning, and if my Art deceive me not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled

now

now upon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mewes her pounces, at all theſe yeeres ſhe flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leave her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. Shee inquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kiſſeth open-mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moiſt. Her eyes are like free-booters, living upon the ſpoile of ſtragglers; and ſhee baits her deſires with a million of proſtitute countenances and enticements; in the light ſhee liſtneth to parlies: but in the darke ſhe underſtandeth ſignes beſt. She will ſell her Smocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhe cares not though her ſtockings want feet. Her modeſty is curioſity, and her ſmell is one of her beſt

best ornaments. Shee passeth not a span bredth. And to have done, shee is the Cooke and the meate, dressing her selfe all day, to bee tasted with the better appetite at night.

Overburys Characters and here an Ed. 1614 the 4th.

Then followed H. Wotton's happy life & knives from the Bed.

A meere Common Lawyer

IS the best shaddow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his Motion by the favorable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furnisht with a Commission to arraigne his Conscience: but upon judgement given, hee usually sets it at large. Hee thinkes no language worth knowing but his *Barragovin*. Onely for that point hee hath beene a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a Northerne Province. Hee imagines that by sure excellencie his profession onely is learning, and that it's

a pro-

a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts bee there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to Her. For indeed hee is all for money. Seven or eight yeares ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation, leſſe ſtanding: and ever ſince the Night of his Call, hee forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) injoyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His love-letters of the laſt yeere of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore Priſts*: but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French-Hood, inſtead of a Ioynture, wages his law, and joynes iſſue. Then hee begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Herauldry gives him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the

goſpell.

Gospell. Next Tearme hee walkes his hoopsleeve gowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. Hee feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chance to his turne, dislikes no house order so much, as that the moneth is so contracted to a fortnight. Mongst his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honour for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his owne house. For they, poore soules, take Law and Conscience, Court of Chancery for all one. Hee learn'd to frame his cases from putting Riddles, and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and to set all the Crosse-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucans* one old controversie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man of his Cap and Coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it selfe, but for gaine; and that at least, to the stating him in a Iustice of peaceship, which is the first quickning soule superadded to the elementary

mentary and inanimate forme of his new Tide. His Tearmes are his wives vacations. Yet ſhee then may uſurpe divers Court-dayes, and hath her Returnes in *Menſem*, for writs of entrie: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in Aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) hee may have a tryall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heaven hee thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſtminſter Hall*; and his Clerkes commonly through it viſit both heaven and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his journeyes end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammar* hee hath enough to make termination of thoſe words which his authority hath endenizen'd. *Rhetoricke* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his yeere books: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much

Geome-

Geometrie, that hee can adviſe in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diviſis*. In *Aſtronomie* and *Aſtrologie* he is ſo farre ſeene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, he knowes the Holy dayes, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will bee long and dirty. Marry hee knowes ſo much in *Muſicke*, that hee affects onely the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill in *perſpective* endeavours much to deceiue the eye of the Law, and gives many falſe colours. Hee is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancie*, (ſuch a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead Queſtions*. VVhat ſufficiency hee hath in *Criticiſme*, the foule copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coate, which are much to bee honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities: but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good Learning*, concurring and diſtin-

ſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as folly to ſet their worke on.

Overbury's Charact. and here in 6 ed. 1615.

A meere Scholer.

A *Meere Scholer is an intelligible Aſſe*, Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeaks Sentences more familiarly then Sence. The Antiquity of his Vniverſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at foot-ball) an Article of his faith: hee ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: hee do's uſually tell great ſtories of himſelfe to ſmall purpoſe, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that he either is or ſhall be a Graduate: but if ever he get a Fellowſhip, he ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of all *Logike* he dares ſweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Townes-man are

are *Termini convertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman*: hee was never begotten (as it seemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is spent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like a Gentleman-usher, but somewhat faster. That hee is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap à pe*; witnesse his horsemanship and the wearing of his weapons: hee is commonly long-winded, able to speake more with ease, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniversity iests are his universall discourse, and his newes, the demeanour of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparell of his minde, is made of divers shreds like a cushion, and when he goes plainest, it hath a rash outside, and fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what-ever bee the question, the truth is on his side. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet hee knowes not that he knowes nothing: hee gives dire-

ctions for Husbandry, from *Virgils Georgickes*; for Cattell, from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: he orders all things and thrives in none: Skilful in all trades, and thrives in none: he is led more by his eares then his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeve, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques; *Rodulphus Agricola*, a substantiall Farmer; and will not sticke to averre, that *Systemo's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill lucke is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such paines to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his povertie is his happinesse, for it makes some men beleeve, that hee is none of fortunes favorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a glister, and it's now like Ware mislaid in a Pedlers packe; a ha's it, but knowes not where

it is. In a word, hee is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in mortality; much in profession, nothing in practice.

Claimed by Hooke before Stephens Esquire 1615.

A Tinker

IS a mooveable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heate, thence his cholericke nature. Hee seemes to be very devout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and sometimes in humilitie goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a vertue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and so is a runagate by antiquitie: yet hee prooves himselfe a Gallant, for hee carries all his wealth upon his backe; or a Philosopher, for hee beares all his substance about him. From his Art was Musicke first invented, and therefore is hee alwayes furnisht with a song: to which his hammer keeping tune,

 proves

proves that he was the first founder of the Kettle-drumme. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musicke most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedlereſſe. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreproveable; for hee is ever mending. Hee obſerves truly the Statutes, and therefore hee can rather ſteale than begge, in which he is unremoveably conſtant in ſpight of whip, or imprisonment: and ſo a ſtrong enemy to idleneſſe, that in mending one hole, hee had rather make three than want worke, and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient cuſtome, converſing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If hee viſit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale upon the imperfections of our weaker veſſels. His tongue is very voluble, which with

Canting proves him a *Linguist*. Hee is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further then the doore, to avoid suspition. Some would take him to bee a Coward; but beleeve it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for hee will fight but with one at once, and then also he had rather submit then be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburne and Banbury, hee dies a begger.

An Apparatour

ISa Chicke of the egge Abuse, hatcht by the warmth of authority: he is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey and feather together. Hee croakes like a Raven against the death of rich men, and so gets a Legacy unbequeath'd: his happinesse is in the multitude of chil-

dren-

dren, for their increaſe is his wealth, and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely addes one. Hee is a cunning hunter, uncoupling his intelligencing hounds, under hedges in thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chaſe to Citie-Suburbs, where often his game is at covert: his quiver hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſilver arrowes, which hee ſhootes againſt Church gates, and private mens dores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the purſivant of hell, for they both delight in ſinne, grow richer by it, and are by iuſtice appointed to puniſh it: onely the Devill is more cunning, for hee pickes a living out of others gaines. His living lieth in his eye, which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſervey the places of darkneſſe; for which purpoſe he ſtudieth the Optickes, but can diſcover no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtitie dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for hee is

every where; and with a Politicke, for hee transforms himselfe into all shapes. Hee travels on foot to avoide idlenesse, and loves the Church entirely, because it is the place of his edification. Hee accounts not all sinnes mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall sinne, and to take bribes, a matter of charity: hee is collector for burnings and losses at Sea, and in casting account, can readily substract the lesser from the greater summe. Thus lives he in a golden age, till Death by a processe, summons him to appeare.

By I. Taylor. *An Almanacke-maker*

IS the worst part of an Astronomer: a certaine compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which hee scores the fortune of the yeere, not so profitably, as doubtfully. Hee is tenant by custome to the Planets, of whom he holds

holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe paroll: to them he payes yeerely rent, his ſtudie, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart for) 40. s. *Per annum*. His life is meerely contemplative: for His practice, tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; and if (by chance) he purchaſe any, hee loſeth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho Brache* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes he underſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to be credited, than controuled. His life is upright, for he is alwayes looking upward; yet dares beleeve nothing above *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs-ſtaffe*. His charitie extends no further than to Mountebankes and Sow-gelders, to whom he bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes of his Booke have a worſe pace than ever had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his proſe, tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and

may ſerve for an Almanacke, but for his judging at the uncertainty of weather, any old Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. He would be thought the devils intelligencer for ſtolne goods if ever hee ſteale out of that quality: as a flye turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his workes fly forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poſt to Chandlers and Tobacco-ſhops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is he the Key to unlocke Termes, and Law-dayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-ways, and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what he will be then, he himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypo-

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall dishonesty*, and *Artificiall dissimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Evill Nature* and *false Art*, by a monstrous *generation*; and may well be put into the reckoning of those creatures that God never made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both these this *Mongrell weede* will shoot) it is hard to say whether he be *Phisicke* or a *Disease*: for hee is both in divers respects.

As he is gilt with an outside of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himselfe to you to be taken downe in a cup or taste of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicitie*, you may call him *Physicke*. Nay, and never let *potion* give *Patient* good stoole, if being truely tasted and relisht, hee bee not as loth-

lothſome to the ſtomack of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for uſe, as he is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *Company* into which he is taken, can make true uſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking advantage of any thing done or ſaid: yea, even to the ruine of his makers, if he may have benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſocietie makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a knowne Cut-purſe in a throng makes them watchfull over their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his converſation being once truely taſted and diſcovered, the hatefull fouleneſſe of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him, to purge all ſuch Diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their owne lives; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſe-backe, make a judicious man amend his owne faults in horſemanſhip. If one of theſe

uſes

uſes can bee made for him, let him not long offend the ſtomacke of your company; your beſt way is to ſpue him out. That hee is a Diſeaſe in the body where hee liveth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knavery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheepe, the rot; among Dogges, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders: amongſt Men and Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Ache bee diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If he bee a Clergy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practice of it but himſelfe; like that grave Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his clothes to repreſent a part in a Comedie, anſwered: *No by his leave, hee would have no body play the foole in his cloathes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſcivious talke, uſury and unconſcionable dealing; when as himſelfe

hating

hating the prophane mixture of malt and water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers coſt: But this muſt not bee done neither, without a preface of ſeeming toothneſſe, turning up the eyes, moving the head, laying hand to the breſt, and proteſting that hee would not doe it but to ſtrengthen his body, beeing even conſumed with diſſembled zeale, and tedious and thankeleſſe babling to GOD and his Auditors. And for the other vice, I doe but venture the making your ſelfe private with him, or truſting of him, and if you come off without a ſavour of the ayre which his ſoule is infected with, you have great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you ſhall commonly ſee carryed upon the backe of theſe two beaſts, that live within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiouſneſſe*: and they may well ſerve to carry other vices, for of themſelves they are inſupporta-

ble.

ble. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all ſcience, humane or divine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) muſt bee patched up, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and fervent *hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the ſpeech of the *Iewes*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controverſies* doe not edifie; *Logicke* and *Philoſophie*, are the ſubtilties of *Satan* to deceive the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *prophane*, and not ſavoring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible forme of ſpeech and perſwaſion (though in his owne

owne tongue) vaine *Oſtentation.* And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance:* ſaving that ſometimes *Idleneſſe* will put in alſo to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beaſt Imperiouſneſſe,* is yet more proudly loaden, it carryeth a burthen, that no cords of *Authority, Spirituall* nor *Temporall,* ſhould binde, if it might have the full ſwinge: No *Pilat,* no *Prince* ſhould command him: Nay, hee will command them, and at his pleaſure cenſure them, if they will not ſuffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purſes to bee emptied with the inundations of his unſatiable humour, and their judgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance:* for this doth hee familiarly inſult over his *Maintainer* that breedes him, his *Patrone* that feeds him, and in time over all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foot within their doores, or put a finger in their purſes. All this,

and

and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Vniversities*, as reliques of *Superstition*, hath leapt from a Shopboord, or a Cloake-bag, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, covered over with the painted cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap, and with a false Trumpet of *Fained Zeale*, draweth after him some poore *Nymphes* and *Madmen*; that delight more to resort to darke Caves and secret places, than to open and publike assemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Disciple* and *Subject*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subjection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter* that he will doe to the hook and crooke of his Zeale-blind Shepheard. No *Iesuites* demand more blind and absolute obedience from their vassals; no Magistrates of the *Canting* societie, more slavish subjection from the members of that

that travelling ſtate, then the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pulpits. Nay, they muſt not onely be obey'd, fed, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers doe ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell under his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad-ſinger*: a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a Play-houſe. a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeakes nothing but bladders and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion: nature and Art, inward and outward: they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*, they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity, no honeſty: and if you never truſt them, they will never deceive you.

A Maquerela

A Maquerela, in plaine Engliſh, a Bawde

IS an old *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her ſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and Time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhee makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out, marry her noſe, and chinne, intend very ſhortly to bee friends, and meete about it. Her yeeres are ſixty and odde, that ſhee accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhe be rotten. Her envy is like that of the Devill, to have all faire women like her; and becauſe tis impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhee hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are

Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that know her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe encloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all removed in one ſort only ſhee makes bold to take the upper hand of them, and to bee carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhee cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. Shee ſits continually at a racke Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare Office in the pariſh: for her moveables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattle) they are not worth an *Inventory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhe can eaſily turne a Sempſtreſſe into a waiting Gentle-woman, but her Ward-robe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhee hath onely this one ſhew of *Temperance*: that let a Gentleman ſend for tenne pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall have but ten quarts; and if he want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in

ſtewd

ſtewd prunes. The Iuſtices Clark ſtands many times her very good friend; and works her peace with the Iuſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much, as the comming over of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much, as the approch of Shrove-tuſeday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, he that hath paſt under her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; He that hath ſcap'd her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maid.

SHee is her Miſtreſſes ſhee Secretary, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very private. Her induſtry is up ſtaires, and downe ſtaires like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhee is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhee is quit of the *Greene ſickneſſe* for e-

ver; For ſhee hath terrible dreames when ſhe's awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *Night-mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell i'th Country, but ſhee holds *London* the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reads *Greens* works over and over, but is ſo carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood*, ſhe is many times reſolv'd to runne out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errand. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhe devides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter and the Servingman, as if he had cut out the getting of it by a Thred: onely the knave *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and over-reach the Maſter. The pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhee hath paid for her credulity often, and now growes weary. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very wel, in that a woman is not tyde to anſwer to any Articles concerning queſtions of Virginity: Her minde, her body, and clothes, are parcels looſely tackt together, and for want of

good

good utterance, ſhee perpetually laughs out her meaning. Her Miſtris and ſhee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idleſt purpoſe that can be, either for love or mony. In briefe, theſe *Chambermaids* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A preciſian.

TO ſpeake no otherwiſe of this *varniſht rottenneſſe*, then in truth and veritie hee is; I muſt define him to bee a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impietie; a faire object to the eye, but ſtarke naught for the underſtanding: or elſe a violent thing, much given to contradiction. Hee will bee ſure to be in oppoſition with the *Papiſt*, though it bee ſometimes accompanied with an abſurdity;

like the Ilanders neere adioyning unto *China*, who ſalute by putting off their ſhooes, becauſe the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time he faſt, it is upon Sunday, and he is ſure to feaſt upon Friday. He can better affoord you tenne lies, than one oath; and dare commit any ſinne gilded with a pretence of ſanctity. He will not ſticke to commit fornication or Adulterie, ſo it bee done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to lye with any whore, ſave the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteale he holds it lawfull, ſo it be from the wicked & Ægyptians. He had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuſeth ſoonner to bee falſe hanged, then ſee a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one ſtand at the *Creede*. He conceives his prayer in the Kitchin, rather then in the Church; and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinkes every Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation,

and

and had rather heare one of *Robert Wisedomes Psalmes*, then the best *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can sing. Hee will not breake wind without an *Apology*, or asking forgiveneſſe, nor kiſſe a Gentle-woman for feare of luſting after her. He hath nicknamed all the Prophets and Apoſtles with his ſonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, he is ſo ſure of *his* ſalvation, that he will not change places in heaven with the *Virgin Mary*, without boot.

An Innes of Court man.

HEe is diſtinguiſhed from a Scholler by a paire of ſilke ſtockings, and a Beaver Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Schoolemaſter. By that hee hath heard one mooting, and ſeene two playes, hee thinkes as baſely of the

Vniversity, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammer schoole*. He talkes of the *Vniversity*, with that state, as if hee were her Chancellour; findes fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an, *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeere. Hee will talke ends of *Latine*, though it bee false, with as great confidence, as ever *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't bee *Tavernes* and *Ordinaries*. Hee is as farre behind a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behind him: and the best grace in his behaviour, is to forget his acquaintance.

Hee laughes at every man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and hee is ashamed to bee seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest praier is, that his revenues may hold out for Taffata clokes in the Summer, and Velvet in the Winter. For his recreation, he

hee had rather goe to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy house, onely to save charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee gives. You shall never see him melancholly, but when he wants a new Suite, or feares a Sergeant: At which times only, he betakes himselfe to *Ploydon* By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe Iustices*.

A meere fellow of an house.

HEE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose minde sores above his purse. If hee hath read TACITUS, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, hee contemnes the *late Lord Treasurer*, for all the state-policy he had;

had; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now alive. He never weares new clothes, but against a Commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behinde the fashion. He hath sworne to see *London* once a yeere, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turne in *Pauls*, and observe the fashion. He thinkes it a discredit to be out of debt, which he never likely cleares, without resignation mony. He will not leave his part he hath in the priviledge ouer young Gentlemen, in going bare to him for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as hartily for a sealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeere: yet commonly hee spends that revennue before he receives it.

At meales, he sits in as great state over his *Peny-Commons*, as ever *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If he be a leader of a *Faction*, he thinkes himselfe greater then ever *Cæsar* was, or

the

the *Turke* at this day is. And hee had rather loſe an inheritance then an Office, when he ſtands for it.

If he be to travell, he is longer furniſhing himſelfe for a five miles journey, then a ſhip is rigging for a ſeven yeeres voyage. He is never more troubled, then when hee is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein he commits more abſurdities, then a Clowne in eating of an egge.

He thinkes himſelf as fine when he is in, a cleane band, and a new paire of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is firſt in a New-faſhion.

Laſtly, he is one that reſpects no man in the *Vniverſity*, and is reſpected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A worthy commander in the Warres

IS one, that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and laies that as his first foundation. He never bloudies his sword but in heate of battel; and had rather save one of his owne Souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. Hee accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deserver arrives so timely, that his liberality can never bee said to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can bee an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not think his body yeelds a more spreading shadow after a victory then before; and when he looks upon his enemies dead body, tis a kind of noble heavinesse, no insultation; hee is so honourably mercifull to women in sur-

ſurprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes, the hazard of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies; are Souldiers beſt. Theaters, and ſtrives to gaine reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatneſſe of his actions. Hee is the firſt in giving the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toyle he endures with the Common Souldier: from his example they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. Hee underſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault beeing ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therefore he pardons none: they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiedge him never ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make uſe of a victory, as to get it, and perſuing his enemies like a whirle-wind carries allafore him; being aſſured; if ever a man will beneſit himſelfe upon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they have loſt force, wiſedome, courage, and reputation. The goodnes of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motive to his valour; never is he knowne to ſlight the weak'ſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that will not ſuffer them to drive: if hee cannot overcome his *Enemy* by force, he do's it by *Time*. If ever he ſhake hands with war, he can dye more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers have beene as it were ſo many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pee*. Hee utters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. Hee caſts a ſmiling contempt upon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adaman*. He thinkes warre is never to bee given ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute *victory*, or

or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly when peace folds him up, his ſilver head ſhould lean neere the golden Scepter, and dye in his *Princes* boſome.

A vayne-glorious Coward in Command

IS one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: hee loves a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcurvy, then by a bartell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch a noiſe, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his judgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: hee that ſalutes him not ſo farre as a Piſtoll carries levell, gives him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. He traines by the booke,

booke, and reckons so many postures of the Pike and Musket, as if he were counting at Noddy. When he comes at first upon a Camisado, hee lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if he would blow away the enemy; but at the very first on-set, suffers feare and trembling to dresse themselves in his face apparantly. He scornes any man should take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath been so humble-minded, as to let his Lievtenant lead his Troopes for him. He is so sure armed for taking hurt, that he seldome does any: and while he is putting on his Armes, hee is thinking what summe hee can make to satiffie his ransome.

He will raile openly against all the great *Commanders* of the adverse party; yet in his owne conscience allowes them for better men: such is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities it makes him thinke better of another man than himselfe. The first part of him that is set a running, is his

Eye.

Eye-sight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtive Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if ever he doe any thing beyond his owne heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and he is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traytor*; for hee fortifies a Caſtle againſt the King. Give him Sea-roome in never ſo ſmall a veſſell, and like a Witch in a ſcive, you would thinke he were going to make merry with the Divell. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leave off his theeving, though he be in a narrow priſon, and looke every day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Divell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible than a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee

 can-

cannot repent, though he view his grave (before him) continually open: he hath ſo little of his owne, that the houſe he ſleeps in is ſtoln; all the neceſſities of life hee filches, but one: he cannot ſteale a ſound ſleep, for his troubled conſcience. Hee is very gentle to thoſe under him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the World, for hee gives licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty, in his owne example: what he gets, is ſmall uſe to him, onely lives by it, (ſomewhat the longer) to do a little more ſervice to his belly; for he throwes away his treaſure upon the ſhore in riot, as if he caſt it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his owne kinde: and as a *Whale*, never comes a ſhore, but when ſhee is wounded; ſo hee very ſeldome, but for this neceſſities. He is the *Merchants book*, that ſerves onely to reckon up his loſſes; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea, and the Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this give him but his pardon, and forgive him reſtitution,

tion, he may live to know the inside of a Church, and dye on this side Wapping.

An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beside shaving of cudgels, hath a good insight into the world for he hath long beene beaten to it. Flesh and bloud he is like other men; but surely Nature meant him *Stock fish*: his, and a Dancing-schoole, are inseparable adjuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominable, neither shall complaine of annoyance: three large Bavins set up his Trade, with a Bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee uses for his day-bedde: for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall be allowed that, by those make *Allom?* when he comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge seven severall waies, and

ſcrambles for money, as if he had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſetſhire*: at his challenge hee ſhewes his metall; for contrary to all rules of Phyſick, he dares bleed, though it be in the dogge-dayes: hee teaches *Diveliſh* play in's Schoole, but when hee fights himſelfe, he doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian, he compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when he hath brought the buſineſſe to a good upſhot, hee makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome above skin-deepe; for an inward bruiſe, Lambſtones and Sweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoole-maſters they are, that every day ſet a man as farre backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *injurie*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that hee is ſtill open-breſted to his friends: for his foile, and his doublet, weare not out above two buttons, and reſolute he is, for hee ſo much ſcornes to take blowes,

that

that he never weares *Cuffes*; and he lives better contented with a little, than other men; for if he have two eyes in's head, he thinkes Nature hath over-done him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his beſt time to flouriſh. Laſtly, theſe Fencers are ſuch things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters than only to read their Patent.

A Puny Clarke.

HEE is tane from *Grammar-ſchoole* halfe codled, and can hardly ſhake off his dreames of breeching in a twelve moneth. Hee is a Farmers ſonne, and his fathers utmoſt ambition is to make him an *Attourney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greaſes his breeches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe Dice

to cheat Costermongers, and is most chargeable to the Butler of some *Inne* of *Chancery*, for pissing in their greene pots. He eates Ginger bread at a play-house; and is so sawcy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banquetting-house, and hath it. He would never come to have any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee shall shift another day. He prayes hotly against fasting; and so he may sup well on Friday nights, hee cares not though his master bee a *Puritane*. Hee practises to make the words in his *Declaration* spread as a Sewer doth the dishes at a Niggards Table; a Clarke of a swooping *Dash*, is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large taile. Though you be never so much delay'd, you must not call his Master knave; that makes him goe beyond himselfe, and write a Challenge in Court-hand; for it may be his own another day. These are some certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the Tearme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom*

Bag. Lastly, which is great pitty, hee never comes to his full growth, with bearing on his shoulder the sinfull burthen of his Master at severrll Courts in *Westminster*.

A Foot-man.

LEt him be never so well made, yet his legges are not matches, for hee is still setting the best foot forward. He will never be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, ever since his child-hood. His mother (which out of question, was a light-heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him runne his race; thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courses. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that hee hates naturally to serve on Horsebacke, he had prooved an excellent Trumpet. He has one happinesse above all the rest

of the Serving-men: for when he moſt over-reaches his Maſter, hee is beſt thought of. He lives more by his owne heat than the warmth of clothes, and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him, when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Gardes he weares none; which makes him live more upright than any groſſe gartered Gentleman-uſher. Tis impoſſible to drawe his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; onely this, Horſes are uſually let bloud on S. *Stevens* day, on S. *Patricks* hee takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper

IS one, whoſe bountie is limited by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, hee deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but

by the handfull. His word and his meaning never ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. He can ſurvey good, and love it, and loves to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake, not for thankes. Hee knows there is no ſuch miſery as to outlive a good name, nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practiſe. His mind is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him aſleepe, which breakes other mens ſlumbers, *Nobility* lightens in his eyes: and in his face and geſture is painted, *The god of Hoſpitality.* His great Houſes beare in their front more durance than ſtate; unleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out-laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* never growes old, no more than his *memorie*, whether at his book or on horſe-backe; hee paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath hee onely *yeeres*, to approve he hath lived till he be old, but *vertues*. His thoughts have a high *ayme*, though their dwelling be in the *Vale of*

an humble heart, whence as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerves not for all Seas, but this doth; for hee hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quick-ſands*. Hee hath this hand over *Fortune*, that her injuries, how violent or ſudden ſoever, they doe not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or dye, he can doe both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breſt to breſt with vertue; and even then,

like the *Sunne* neere his Set,
hee ſhewes unto the
world his *cleereſt*
countenance.

An Intruder into favour,

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy: for ſlander is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Injuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, he falſly cals a *Couragious conſtancie*, and thinkes the beſt part of gravity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlaviſhly ſubmiſſe, though envious to thoſe that are in better place than himſelfe; and knowes the Art of words ſo wel, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty under a fair pretext) he ſeems to preſerve mud in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is the firſt good to himſelfe, in the next file, to his French Taylor, that gives him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth than his body. If ever hee doe

good

good deede (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leſt it ſhould dye forgotten. His whole body goes all upon *skrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moves them. If his *Patron* be given to muſicke, hee opens his chops, and *ſings*, or with a wrie necke, falls to tuning his inſtrument: if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. Hee followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to increaſe his owne. He pretends he is moſt undeſervedly envied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is moſt playd on. Debts he owes none, but ſhrewd turnes, and thoſe he payes ere he be ſued. He is a flattering *glaſſe* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountaines Monky*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, gives you backe his face; but comes once to the top, he holds his noſe up into the winde, and ſhewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter, ſhewes on him, as if the Sunne ſhone

in

in a puddle; for hee is as ſmall wine that will not laſt; and when he is falling, hee goes of himſelfe faſter than miſery can drive him.

A faire and happy Milke-maid.

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo farre from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put all *face-Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend Vertue; therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtands in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelfe) is farre better than out-ſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhee be not arrayed in the ſpoile of the *Silke worme*, ſhee is deckt in *Innocency*, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long a bed,

ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *conditions*; nature hath taught her, too *immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule*: ſhee riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare* her dames Cock, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Corfew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtraynin̄g the Teats through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter or ſweeter; for never came *Almond Glove* or *Aromatique Oyntment* of her Palme to taint it. The Golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feet when ſhee reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand that fill'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeere long of *Iune*, like a new made Haycock. Shee makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pittie: and when winters evenings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeemes *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, beeing her minde is to doe well. She beſtowes her

yeeres

yeeres wages at next faire; and in chuſing her garments, counts no bravery in th'world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Phyſicke* and *Chyrurgerie*, and ſhe lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold ſheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhe meanes none: yet to ſay truth, ſhe is never alone, for ſhe is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs*, *honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones, yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly, her dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhe dare tell them: onely a Fridaies dreame is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhe conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives ſhee, and all her care is, ſhe may dye in the *Spring*-time, to have ſtore of flowers ſtucke upon her winding-ſheet.

An

An arrant Horſe-courſer.

HAth the tricke to blow up Horſe-fleſh, as the Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding 'twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this ungodly tyre-man. Hee is curſt all over the foure ancient High-wayes of England: None but the blind men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is filled with ſo many diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe of the Common hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings warrant overtake you within tenne miles to ſtay your journey. And though a man cannot ſay, hee couzens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould he be

hee brought upon his Booke oath, will affirme hee hath laid a bait for you. Resolve when you first stretch your selfe in the stirrops, you are put as it were upon some Viuter, that will never beare with you past his day. He were good to make one that had the Colicke alight often, and (if example will cause him) make urine; let him onely for that say, *Gra'mercy Horse*. For his sale of horses, he hath false covers for all manner of Diseases, onely comes short of one thing (which hee despaires not utterly to bring to perfection) to make a horse goe on a woodden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quicksilver, and giving him suppositories of live Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning, he fears you will not bite, but he laughs in his sleeve when he hath coozened you in earnest. French-men are his best Chapmen; he keepes amblers for them on purpose, and knowes hee can deceive them very easily. He is so constant to his Trade,

that while he is awake, he tries any man he talkes with, and when he's asleepe, he dreames very fearefully of the paving of Smithfield, for hee knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

His life is a meere counterfet Patent: which nevertheleſſe makes many a Country Iuſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes Water-Milles* are ſtill Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee ſends challenges by word of mouth: for he proteſts (as he is a Gentleman & a brother of the ſword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through divers parcels of Land, & great houſes, beſides both the Counters. If any private quarrell happen among our great Courtiers; hee proclaimes the *buſines*, that's the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if the united forces of the

Romiſh

Romish Catholickes were making up for *Germany*. He cheats young guls that are newly come to Towne, and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his owne Profession, that the *Woodocke* must be pluckt ere he be dreſt. He is a *Superviſor* to brothels and in them is a more unlawfull reformer of vice, than Prentices on Shrove-Tueſday. Hee loves his Friend, as a Counſelor at law loves the velvet breeches he was firſt made Barreſter in, he'l be ſure to weare him thred-bare ere he forſake him. He ſleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth, and his firſt prayer i'th morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with over night. *Souldier* hee is none, for he cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion ſeede* and *Gunpowder*: if he have worne it in his hollow tooth for the Toothach, and ſo come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an eſtate at will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords have but foure

Quarter-dayes, but he three hundred and odde. He keepes very good *Company*, yet is a man of no reckoning: and when he goes not drunke to bed, he is very sick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat, or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I have heard of some (that have scapt hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, only to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutchman resident in

ENGLAND.

IS but a Quartet-master with his wife. He stinkes of Butter, as if he were anointed all over for the Itch. Let him come over never so leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houses in *S. Katherines*, and he'l be puft up to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all

places of pleasure, he loves a common-Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had need be ringed from rooting. Next to these he effects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the best prize in his will afore hand: when his hopes fail he's blanke. They swarme in great Tenements like Flies: sixe Housholds will live in a Garret. He was wont (only to make us fooles) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, & sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. He loves a Welshman extremely for his Diet and Orthography that is, for plurality of consonants, and cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when he's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Eeleskinne, and strip him, his inside outwards. He hoordes up faire gold, and pretends 'tis to season in his Wives broth for a consumption, and loves the memory of King *Henry* the 8 most especially for his old Soveraignes

He saies we are unwise to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatsoever, he desires no other thing in the world, than Barrels and Hoppoles. To conclude, the onely two plagues he trembles at, is small Beere and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantasticke.

An Improvident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to be made a puppy: view him well and you'l say his Gentry sits as ill upon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to send money to, than the Devill hath to send his spirits: and to furnish each Mistresse, would make him run besides his wits, if he had any to lose. He accounts

accounts bashfulnes the wickedst thing in the world; and therefore studies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honesty would be out of fashion: he withers his Cloathes on a Stage, as a Sale-man is forct to doe his suits in *Birchin-lane*; and when the Play is done, if you marke his rising, 'tis with a kind of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may passe for currant: he studies by the discretion of his *Barber*, to frizle like a *Baboone*: three such would keepe three the nimblest *Barbers* in the town, from ever having leisure to weave Net-garters: for when they have to doe with him, they have many Irons in'th fire, he is travelled, but to little purpose, only went over for a squirt, and came backe againe, yet never the more mended in his conditions, 'cause he carried himselfe along with him: a Scholler he pretends himselfe, and sayes he hath sweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius* farre better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary sports

are Cock-fights: but the most frequent, horse races, from whence hee comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes down into the Country: where he is brought to milke and white cheese like the *Switzers*.

A BVTTON-MAKER of Amsterdam.

IS one that is fled over for his *Conscience*; and left his wife and children upon the Parish. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Christ-crosse* afore it: and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: he coozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and 'twas is only joy when he was on this side, to be in Prison: he cries out, 'Tis impossible for a nyman to be damn'd, that lives in his Reli-

Religion, and his equivocation is true as long as a man lives in't, he cannot; but if he dye in't, there's the queſtion. Of al Feaſts in the yeere, he accounts S. *Georges* feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of S. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſometime he doth *ſacrifice* to his owne belly; provided, that he put off the Wake of his own nativity, or wedding, till *Good-friday*. If there be a great Feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, he will bee ſure to bee a gueſt, & to out-eat ſix of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinks, though he may not pray with a *Iew*, he may eat with a *Iew*: he winkes when he prayes, and thinkes he knowes the way ſo now to heaven, that he can finde it blindefold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeven heads; and when he ſpeakes of his own Countrey, cries, he is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his devotion is *Obſtinacy*; the onely ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*; and his maine end *Hypocriſie*.

A Diſtaſter of the Time.

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* all the yeere long that lookes back upon *Harveſt*, wᵗʰ a leane paire of cheekes, never ſets forward to meet it: his malice ſucks up the greateſt part of his owne venome, and therewith impoyſoneth himſelfe: and this ſicknes riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion, or over-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne over-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, he ſtrives to fill himſelfe with winde, and flies againſt it. Any mans advancement is the moſt capitall offence that can be to his malice: yet this envy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, he prepared for others: he is a *Day-bed for the Devill* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour; like thoſe that have beene bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaule flowes as thick ein him as oile in a poyſon'd ſtomacke.

macke: he infects all ſociety as thunder ſowres wine: warre or peace, dearth or plenty, makes him equally diſcontented. And when he finds no cauſe to tax the State, he deſcends to raile againſt the rate of Salt butter. His wiſhes are *whirle-winds*; which breath'd forth, returne into himſelfe, & make him a moſt giddy and tottering veſſell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walke in his ſleepe, for his viſitation is directed to none; his buſines is nothing. He is often dumbe-mad, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of diſcontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truly of none. Thus by unnaturalizing himſelfe, ſome would think him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but he is not verry greatly to be fear'd: for this dejection of his, is only like a Rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his coging.

A meere

A meere fellow of an Houſe.

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is ſo kinde-natured to himſelfe, he findes fault with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mockvelvet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe-ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſchoole-boyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them alone, not out of ignorance. He ſhewes them the rinde, conceales the ſap: by this meanes hee keeps them the longer, himſelfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and ſpit, & blow

blow his nose at every period, to recover his memory; and studies chiefly to set his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but just standing water betweene *Protestant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of Plurality of Benefices and Non-residency; and when he rises, acts a long grace to his looking-glasse. Against hee comes to be some great mans Chaplaine, he hath a habit of boldnesse, though a very Coward. He speakes swords, fights, *Ergo's*: His pace on foot is a measure, on horse-back a gallop: for his legs are his own, though horse and spurs are borrowed. He hath lesse use than possession of Books. He is not so proud, but he will call the meanest author by his name; nor so unskilled in the Heraulдry of a study, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowship and begins another.

A meere Pettyfogger.

IS *one of Samsons Foxes:* He sets men together by the eares, more shamefully than *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his sport is to goe a fishing *with the Penall statutes*: he cannot erre before Iudgment, and then you see it, only *writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepes his *Client* undoing somewhat the longer. He is a vestry man in his Parish, and easily sets his neighbour at variance with the *Vicar*, when his wicked *Counsell* on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honesty & learning bring him to *Vnder-Shriveship*, wch having thrice run through, he doth not feare the *Lievetenant* of the Shire: nay more he feares not *God*. *Cowardice* holds him a good Common-wealthsman; his pen is the plough, and parchment

ment the Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curſes. He is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet: broken titles make him whole; to have halfe in the County breake their bonds, were the onely liberty of conſcience. He would wiſh (though he be a *Browniſt*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his Tiths duly, if ſuch Suites held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reverend ſervice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loves blowes extremely, and hath his *Chirurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foote, to incenſe the fury: hee would not give away his yeerely beatings for a good piece of money. He makes his Will in forme of a Law-caſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Law, may have cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) ſure he would

hide

hide some single money in *Westminster-Hall*, that his spirit might haunt there. Only with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leave him, That his fingers itch after a Bribe, ever since his first practising of Court-hand.

An Ingrosser of Corne.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him, he slanders both Heaven and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cause of scarcity. His hoording in a deere yeere, is like *Erisichthons* Bowels in *Ovid*: *Quodque urbibus esse, quodq; satis potérat populo, non sufficit uni.* He prayes daily for more inclosures, and knowes no reason in his Religion, why wee should call our forefathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely because they sold Wheate for twelve pence a bushell. He wishes that *Danske* were at the *Moluccos*, and had rather be cer-

certaine of ſome forraine invaſion, than of the ſetting up of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a buſhel i'th' Market to ſerve his Houſhold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, leſt, as the Chaffe throwne upon the water, ſhew'd plenty in Ægypt; ſo his (carried by the winde) ſhould proclaime his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the ſeven leane Kine, that ate up the fat ones; that he has in the Parlor, which he will deſcribe to you like a motion, & his cõment ends with a ſmothered prair for the like ſcarſity. He cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that tis a ſparer of bread-corne; which he could finde in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penalty, he growes mealy-mouth'd and dares not. Sweet ſmels he cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure aire were generally corrupted: nay, that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for ever,

or we our ſuperfluous ſenſe of ſmelling, (as he termes it) that his Corne might not be found muſty. The Poore he accounts the Iuſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of diſcovering new parts of the world, only to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kind of inſtinct, he bindes prentice to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a deare yeere in's belly, and rauins bread extremely: when he comes to be a free-man (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Diviliſh Vſurer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hempe-ſeede*, with curſes; and he thinkes he thrives the better. He is farre better read in the *Pœnall Statutes*, than the Bible; and his

evill angell perſwades him, he ſhall ſooner be ſaved by them. Hee can be no mans friend; for all men he hath moſt intereſt in, he undoes: and a double dealer he is certainly; for by his good will, he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his mony to the unnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriv'ner is the ſupervisor bawd to't. Good Deedes he loves none, but Seal'd and Delivered: nor doth hee wiſh any thing to thrive in the Country, but Bee-hives; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet thinks he might bee drawne to love a Scholler, could he reduce the yeere to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his uſe money might come in the faſter. He ſeemes to be the ſonne of a Iaylor, for all his eſtate is in moſt heavy & cruel bonds. He doth not give, but ſell daies of payment, & thoſe at the rate of mans undoing: hee doth only feare the day of Iudgement ſhould fal ſooner thā the paiment of ſom great ſum of money due to him: he removes his lodging when a ſubſidie comes, & if

he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treason; but tis in such a deformed silence, as Witches raise their spirits in. Gravity hee pretends in all things, but in his private Whore; for hee will not in a hundred pound take one light sixepence; and it seemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Iakes-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falls into a cold sweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, we are in the right for every thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his money as if hee thought to find it againe at the last day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should he live to bee hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his case. The Table hee keepes, is able to starve twenty tall men; his ser-

vants

vants have not their living, but their dying from him, & that's of Hunger. A ſpare diet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: he comes to Cathedrals only for love of the ſinging-boyes, becauſe they looke hungry. He likes our Religion beſt, becauſe it is beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatory, cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loves all the world ſo little, that and it were poſſible, he would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, he is made Adminiſtrator to his owne good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo far from being at the charge of a funerall for it, that he lets it ſtinke above ground. In concluſion, for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis either Surfet, the Pox, or deſ-

paire, for ſeldome ſuch as hee die of Gods making, as honeſt men ſhould do.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to ſpeake well of himſelfe; for alwaies he names himſelfe, *The firſt Man*. If he had betane himſelfe to ſome richer Trade, he could not have choos'd but done well: For in this (though it bee a meane one) he is ſtill plying it, and putting himſelfe forward. He is evermore telling ſtrange Newes, moſt commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler aske him if he be married, he'l equiuocate and ſweare he's a ſingle man. Little truſt is to be given to him, for he thinks that day he does beſt, when he fetches moſt men over. His daily labour teaches him the art of diſſembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he lookes: he keepes ſuch a bawling at Weſtminſter, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it,

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an order would be tane with him. When he is upon the Water, he is Fare-compa-ny: when he comes aſhore, he mutinies; and contrary to all other Trades, is moſt ſurly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment: the Playhouſes onely keepe him ſober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noones man. London-bridge is the moſt terri-bleſt eye-ſore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Preſſe*, makes him flye from the River; nor any thing, but a great *Froſt*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reverend Iudge

IS one that desires to have his greatnesse, onely measur'd by his goodnes: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would have them be; and to be himselfe such as he appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: hee knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeeldes a most delightfull prospect; but withall, that it is most subject to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those in authority: he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre be above their pitty: he wishes fewer Laws, so they were better observ'd: and for those are mulctuarie, he understands their institution not to be like briers or Springes, to catch every thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to avoide the ship-

wracke

wracke of ignorant passengers: he hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent: he thinkes himselfe then most honourably seated, when he gives mercy the upper hand: he rather strives to purchase good name, than land; and of all rich stuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to have his Followers weat their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he delivers his minde plainely, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to have lesse credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honor keepes peace with him to the grave, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and goe backe with the Heraulds: but fairely sits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Commonwealths men.

A vertuous

A vertuous Widdow.

IS the Palme-tree, that thrives not after the supplanting of her husbād. For her childrens sake she first marries, for she maried that she might have childrē, and for their sakes she marries no more. She is like the purest Gold, only imploied for Princes medals, she never receives but one mans impression; the large ioynture mooves her not, titles of honor cannot sway her. To change her name, were (shee thinkes) to commit a sinne should make her asham'd of her husbāds calling. She thinks she hath traveld all the world in one man; the rest of her time therfore she directs to heaven. Her maine superstition is, she thinks her husbands ghost would walk, should she not performe his will: she would do it, were there no Prerogative Court. She gives much

much to pious uſes, without any hope to merit by them; and as one Diamond faſhions another, ſo is ſhe wrought into works of Charitie, with the duſt or aſhes of her husband. She lives to ſee her ſelfe full of time; being ſo neceſſarie for earth, God cals her not to heavē, till ſhe be very aged: and even then, though her naturall ſtrength faile her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the leſſe it grows to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heaven. This latter Chaſtitie of hers, is more grave and reverend, than that ere ſhe was married: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealouſie. She ought to be a mirrour for our yongeſt Dames to dreſſe themſelves by, when ſhe is fulleſt of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her; for in ſuffering the loſſe of her Husband, ſhe accounts all the reſt trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can be: She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without any ſuperſti-

tion

tion in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reverenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heraulds Hearse-cloth; she serves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour, The end of her Husband beginnes in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Husband. Shee uses to cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall have, and never marries without the consent of sixe Midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them she gaines: for one serves to draw on another, and with one at last shee shootes out an other, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. She commends to them a single life, as Horsecourſers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest

of

of the Gard, but Knighthood makes her draw in a weaker bow. Her servants or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that summon any to this combate; by them she gaines much credit, but loseth it againe in the old Proverbe, *Famâ est mendax.* If she live to be thrice married, she seldome failes to coozen her second Husbands Creditors. A Churchman shee dare not venture upon; for shee hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though he have Candle-rents in the Citie, for his estate may be subiect to fire: very seldome a lawyer, without he shewes his exceeding great practise, & can make her case the better: but a Knight with the old rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a widdow: ever provided, that most part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) bee conceal'd with her Scrivener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, shee falles off her selfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is crack't.

crack't. Lastly, while she is a widdow, observe her, she is no mourning woman: the evening, a good fire, and sacke, may make her listen to her husband: and if ever she be made sure, tis upon a full stomacke to bed-ward.

A Quacksalver

IS a Mountebanke of a larger Bill than a Taylor; if he can but come by names enow of diseases to stuffe it with, tis all the skill he studies for. Hee tooke his first beginning from a Cunning woman, and stole this blacke Art from her, while he made her seacoale fire. All the diseases ever sinne brought upon man, doth he pretend to be a Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with rayling against such, as leave their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly

friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fish-wives at funeralls, he utters a most abominable deale of *Carduus water*, and the conduits cry out, All the Learned Doctors may cast their Cappes at him. He parts stakes with some Apothecary in the suburbes, at whose house he lies: and though he be never so familiar with his wife, the Apothecary dares not (for the richest horne in his Shop) displease him. All the Midwives in the Towne are his Intelligencers; but Nurses and young Merchants Wives (that would faine conceive with child) these are his Idolaters. He is a more uniust bone-setter, than a dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes than the small Poxe; made more deafe than the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more than the Gowte: shrunk more sinews thā one that makes bowstrings, and kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to love a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a farrier: his discourse is vomit: & his ignorance

rance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would be ſpeedily cured, he hath more delayes and doubles, than a Hare, or a Law-ſuit: he ſeekes to ſet us at variance with nature, and rather than hee ſhall want diſeaſes, hee'l beget them. His eſpeciall practice (as I ſaid afore) is upon women; labours to make their mindes ſicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then ther's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure hee gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Laſtly, he is ſuch a Iuggler with Vrinals, ſo dangeronſly unskilfull, that if ever the City will have recourſe to him for diſeaſes that need purgation, let them employ him in ſcowring *Moore-ditch.*

A Canting

A Canting Rogue.

THis not unlikely but he was begot by ſome Intelligencer under a hedge; for his minde is wholly given to travell. Hee is not troubled with making of joynters: he can divorce himſelfe, without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares hee the cruelty of over-ſeers of his will. He leaves his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a conſtant tongue, the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh; but Canting is generall, nor ever could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limiti though hee ſtarve; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truly to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turke. The

March Sunne breeds agues in others, but he adores it like the *Indians*; for then beginnes his progreſſe after a hard winter. Oſtlers cannot indure him, for he is of the Infantry, and ſerves beſt on foot. He offends not the Statute againſt the exceſſe of apparell, for he will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary pennance. Forty of them lye in a Barne together, yet are never ſued upon the Statute of Inmates. If hee were learned, no man could make a better deſcription of *England*; for he hath travel'd it over and over. Laſtly, hee brags, that his great houſes are repaired to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and thoſe are priſons.

A French

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Gariſon neere famiſh'r, where hee practiſed to make a little go farre; ſome drive it from more antiquity, and ſay, *Adam* (when he pickt ſallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate; & though his command lie in the Kitchen (which is but an inferiour place) yet ſhall you find him a very ſawcy cõpanion. Ever ſince the wars in *Naples*, he hath ſo minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation ſhould keepe a perpetuall diet. The Servingmen call him the laſt relique of Popery, that makes men faſt againſt their conſcience. He can be truely ſaid to be no mans fellow but his Maſters: for the reſt of his ſervants are ſtarved by him. He is the prime cauſe why Noble-

men build their houſes ſo great: for the ſmallneſſe of their Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger: and the Lord calles him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of herbs, roots, muſhromes, or any thing: that which he dreſſes, we may rather cal a drinking, then a meale; yet he is ſo ful of variety, that he brags, and truely, that he gives you but a taſte of what he can doe: he dare not for his life come among the butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion; he's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, he were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Proverbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which ſayes, we ought to live by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the Church yard; at leſt within five foot on't: for at everie Church ſtile, commonly ther's an Ale-houſe: where let him be found never ſo idle pated, hee is ſtill a grave drũkard. He breakes his faſt heartileſt while hee is making a grave, and ſayes, the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to bee a Sloven, yet he loves cleane linnen extremely, and for that reaſon takes an order that fine holland ſheetes be not made wormes meat. Like a nation called the *Cuſani*, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughs when they die, the reaſon; he gets by Burials,

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Taverne over Sack, till the Diall and himselfe be both at a stand: he never obserues any time but Sermon time, and there he sleeps by the houre-glasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and he payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton, as the Rope-maker for the hangman. Lastly, he wishes the Dog-dayes would last all the yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubilee.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Devill, then any other Order; unclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: so superstitiously he followes the Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giving *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heavenly; but in meddling with State-

buſineſſe, he ſeemes to mixe heaven and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Pennance: by the firſt, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. He ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though he were found out long ſince the inventiō of the Canon, 'tis thought he hath not done leſſe miſchief. He is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, he holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious above all meaſure; for late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuite, and would be call'd Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that give him freedome, he weares a maske upon his heart; in *England* he ſhifts it, & puts it upon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies

Chamber: the modesty of the *Purse-vant* hath only forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendom, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings Evil*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Fox; but in the Inquisition, a Lion Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatsoever is commendable to the grave Orator, is most exquisite perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, hee charmes our attention: sit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawne from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seene in the same Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, tis not lower than the prompter; not lowder than the Foile or Target. By his action hee fortifies mortall precepts with examples; for what wee see him personate, we thinke truely done before us: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the ghost of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at several times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his Playing an exquisite Painter. Hee addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines us in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wild Beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men have beene of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what he doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a private person. Here on acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night, to morrow a Precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kinde is the strongest motive of affection that can be: for when he dies, we cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the oare; I should not mind the drosse, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

HIs outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may give armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herauld. There is no truer servant in the House then himself. Though he be Master, he sayes not to his servants, Go to field, but, Let us go; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: he is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttonie ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is ne'r knowne to go to law: understanding, to be Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it: and that such men sleepe as unquietly, ~~as if their~~

~~sleepe as unquietly~~, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-knives. When he builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: they are indeed his Almes-houſes, though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription: he never ſits up late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lambs: nor uſes hee any cruelty, but when hee hunts the Hare, nor ſubtilty, but when he ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pitfalls for the Black-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the moneth of Iuly, he goes to the next River, and ſheares his ſheepe. He allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the country Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after Even-ſong. Rocke Munday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrovings, the Wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eve, the Hoky, or Seed-cake, theſe he yeerely keepes, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not ſo inquiſitive after newes derived from the

priuie

privie clozet, when the finding an Eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good ſtraine, are tydings more pleaſant, more profitable. Hee is Lord paramount within himſelfe, though hee hold by never ſo meane a Tenur: and dyes the more contentedly (though he leave his heire young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous Guardian. Laſtly, to end him; hee cares not when his end comes, he needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heaven.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whoſe face is hatcht all over with impudence, and ſhould hee bee hang'd or pilloried, tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practiſes the Art of moſt uncleanely con-

conveyance. He doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winks at it; thinks tis not perceived: the maine thing that ever he did, was the tune he ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pittifull, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leave him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well laid together.

A Covetous

A Covetous man.

THis man would love honour and adore God, if there were an L more in his name: He hath coffind up his ſoule in his cheſts before his body; He could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymicall quality. At the grant of new ſubſidy he would gladly hang himſelfe, were it not for the charge of buying a Rope and beginnes to take money upon uſe, when he heares of a prive ſeale. His morning praier is to over looke his bagges, whoſe every parcell begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to coozen this Tenant, begger that widow, or to undo ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart; and if he ever pray, it is, ſome one may breake his day, that the beloved forfeiture may bee obtained. His uſe is doubled,

doubted, and no one ſixpence begot or borne, but preſently by an untimely thrift it is getting more. His chimny muſt not bee acquainted with fire, for feare of miſchance, but if extremity of cold pinch him, hee gets him heat with looking on, and ſometime remooving his aged wood-pile, which he meanes to leave to many deſcents, till it hath outlived all the woods of that Countrey. He never ſpends candle but at Chriſtmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his ſervants will breake glaſſes for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes than any other mens thoughts, and he conceiues no ſin which he dare not act ſave onely luſt, from which he abſtaines for feare he ſhould bee charged with keeping Baſtards: once a yeere he feaſts, the reliques of which meale ſhall ſerve him the next quarter. In his talke he railes againſt eating of breakefaſts, drinking betwixt meales, and ſweares he is impoveriſhed

verished with paying of tythes. He had rather have the frame of the world fall, than the price of Corne. If he chance to travell, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithfull cloake-bag is sure to take care for his provision. His nights are troublesome as his dayes, every Rat awakes him out of his unquiet sleepes. If he have a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary of might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might be a wedding Gowne. If he fall sicke, he had rather die a thousand deaths, than pay for any physicke: and if he might have his choyce, he would not goe to heaven but on condition he may put money to use there. In fine, he lives a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaves a heape of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The Proud man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemnes every one beſides his maſter, who when he weares new cloathes, thinkes himſelfe wrong'd, if they be not obſerv'd, imitated, and his diſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe applauded: when he vouchſafes to bleſſe the ayre with his preſence, hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin ſuit will give him leave, & every paſſenger he viewes under the eye-browes, to obſerve whether hee vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returnes with an Imperious Nod: he never ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetual. In his attire he is effeminate, every haire knowes his own ſtation; which if it chance to loſe, it is checkt in againe with his pocket-combe. He had rather have the whole Cõmonwealth out of order, than the leaſt member

ber of his Muchato, and chooſes rather to loſe his patrimony, than to have his band ruffled; at a feaſt if he bee not placed in the higheſt ſeate, he eats nothing, howſoever, he drinkes to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiaritie. He profeſſeth to keepe his ſtomacke for the Pheaſant or the Quaile, and when they come, he can eate litle, he hath been ſo cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talks of none but Privy Councellors, and is as prone to belye their acquaintance, as he is a Ladies favors: if he have but twelve-pence in's purſe, he will give it for the beſt roome in a play-houſe. He goes to ſermons, only to ſhew his gay cloathes, and if on other inferiour daies he chance to meete his friend, he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt ſute.

A Priſon.

It ſhould be Chriſts Hoſpital: for moſt of your wealthy Cittizens are good benefactors to it; and yet can hardly be ſo, becauſe ſo few in it are kept upon Almes. Charities houſe and this, are built many miles aſunder. One thing notwithſtanding is here praiſe-worthy, for men in this perſecutiō cannot chuſe but prove good Chriſtians, in that they are a kinde of Martyrs, and ſuffer for the truth. And yet it is ſo curſed a piece of Land, that the ſonne is aſhamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected peſt-houſe all the yeere long: the plague-ſores of the Law, are the diſeaſes heere hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Atturnies and Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord have mercy upon us*, may well ſtand over theſe doores, for debt

debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moore-fields, (by reaſon the madmen are ſo neere) but the croſſes here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweet an ayre. For it is the Dunghill of the Law, upon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, & the naſty heaps of voluntary decayed Bankrupts, by which meanes it comes to be a perfect medall of the iron Age, ſithence nothing but gingling of keyes, rattling of ſhackles, bolts, & grates are here to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy, in whoſe wombe are ſhut up all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (unleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truly to be proved. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke. Does any man deſire to learne muſicke; every man here ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out; he runnes diviſion upon every

note; and yet (to their commendations be it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diviſion) doe trouble the Church. They are no Anabaptiſts; if you aske under what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermooda's* and it are both under one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with divels, it is not ſo: for thoſe divels (ſo talked of, and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Iaylors. Hither you need not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the Maſters ſide is the upper decke. They in the common Iayle lye under hatches, & helpe to ballaſt it. Intricate caſes are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Maſt, Law the helme, a Iudge the Pylot, a Councel the Purſer, an Atturney the Boat-ſwain, his fleeting Cleark the Swabber, Bonds, the waves, out-lawries guſts, the Verdicts of Iuries rough windes, Extents the Rockes that ſpilt all in pieces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet

yet this and a ſhip differ not much in the building; the one is a mooving miſerie, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Piles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-houſe, or a Bawdy-houſe of it: for nothing is to bee ſeene (in any roome) but ſcurvy beds and bare walles. But (not ſo much to diſhonor it) it is an Vniverſity of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefely ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write Letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall finde him as faſt a friend as any in England: he is a ſure man, and you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generation of this

creature: he dwels on the backe ſide of the world, or in the Suburbs of ſocietie, and lives in a Tenement which he is ſure non will goe about to take over his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; and this under it.

At his firſt comming in, hee is a *piece* of *new coyne*, all ſharking old priſoners lye ſucking at his purſe. An old man and *hee* are much alike, neyther of them both goe farre, They are ſtill angry, and peeviſh, and they ſleepe little. He was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confuſion of Languages is only in his mouth All the Vacations, he ſpeakes as good Engliſh, as any man in England, but in *Tearme times* hee breakes out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Iſſues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Reioynders*, *Demurres Quereles*, *Subpenaes*, *&c.* able to fright a ſimple Country fellow, & make him beleeve he Coniures, whatſoever his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choller* or deepe

Melan-

Melancholly, ſo that hee needs every houre to take Phyſick to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard bound*. The taking of an *Execution* off his ſtomack, gives him five or ſix ſtooles, and leaves his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an Action, is a *Vomit*. He is no ſound man, and yet an utter Barreſter (nay, a Sargeant of the Caſe) will feede hartily upon him, hee is very good picking meat for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) begge him for an *Anatomie* after he hath ſuffered an Execution, an excellent Lecture may be made upon his body: for he is a kinde of dead carkaſſe, *Creditors*, *Lawyers*, and *Iaylors* devoure it: *Creditors* pecke out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flay off his owne ſkinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *Iaylors* are the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his very heart. Hee is a bond ſlave to the Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience

ſcience write himſelf a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of five or ſixe colours; this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curſeth the time that ever he ſaw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with Statute lace, the *ſute* it ſelfe of *durance*, and the *hoſe* full of long Paines. He hath many other laſting ſutes, which he himſelf is never able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe ſo glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yeere long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Spheare*. Hee lives betweene the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* & *Capricorne*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *hornes* for his *head*, if his Wives heeles be light. If he bee a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* ſo ſoone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* of *argent*, but whatſoever they bare before, here they give onely *Sables*. Whiles he lies

lies by it, he's travelling ore the *Alps*, & the hearts of his creditors are the ſnows that lye unmelted in the middle of Summer. Hee is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his daies ſpeake of faire Weather. Of all the files of men, he marcheth in the laſt, and comes limping, for he is ſhot, and is no man of this world. Hee hath loſt his way, and being benighted, ſtrayed into a Wood full of *Wolves*, and nothing ſo hard as to *get away*, without being devoured. Hee that walkes from ſix to ſix in *Pauls*, goes ſtill but a quoites caſt before this man.

A Creditor

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torméts men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* ſons begotten of a ſtone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye croſſe-legg'd, do much reſemble *him*, ſaving that *this* is a little more *croſſe*. He weares a forfeited bond under that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* ſtickes, with as much pride as a *Welſhman* does a *Leek* on S. *Davids* day, & quarels more and longer about it. He is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught: for the news that ſuch a gallant's come yeſternight to Town, drawes out of him both muſcadel and mony too. He ſaies the *Lords praier backwards*, or (to ſpeake better of him) he hath a *Pater noſter* by himſelfe, and that *particle, forgive us our debts, as we forgive others*, &c. he either quite leaves out, or els leaps over it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conſcience. He is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *counter*, very ſwiftly and with great

iudge-

iudgement. He hath a *quicke sent* to smell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to pursue it, yet never opens till hee bites, and bites not but hee *killes*, or at least drawes *blood*, and then he *pincheth* most *doggedly*. He is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely beast upon which he *ambles* so often to Westminster. And a *Lawyer* is his God *Almighty*, in *him* only he trusts, to *him* he flyes in al his troubles, from *him* he seekes succour; to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes overcome his enemies: *Him* does he worship both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels*, to prosper in all his *actions*. A Scrivener is his *Fayriar*, and helps to recover all his diseased and maimed Obligations. Every Tearme hee sets up a *Tenters* in Westminster Hall, upon which he rackes and stretches Gentlemen like English *broadcloth*, beyond the staple of the Wooll, till the threds cracke, and that causeth them with the least wet to shrink, and presently to weare *bare*: Marrie hee handles

handles a Citizen (at leaſt if himſelfe be one) like a piece of *Spaniſh cloth*, gives him only a twitch, and ſtraines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *break of himſelfe*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but ſhreds. To the one, he comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (upon the parley) rather than faile, he takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ranſom*, & ſo lets him *march* away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaelmus*, his purſe is full of *Quick-ſilver*, and that ſets him running from *Sun-riſe* to *Sunſet* up *Fleetſtreete*, and ſo to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Weſtminſter*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Atturny*, then to a *Councellour*, and in every of theſe places, he melts ſome of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation he goes to graſſe, and gets up his *fleſh* againe, which he baites as you heard. If he were to be hang'd, unleſſe he could be ſav'd by his book, he cannot

for

for his heart call for a *Pſalme* of *mercy*. He is a *Law-trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debters, with whom *ſcratching Atturneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *belly* is an *unſatiable creditor*, but *man* worſe.

A Sergeant

WAs once taken (when he *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawne of a *decaied Shop-keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Divell made ſomtimes out of one of the twelve Companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it in hel: that, is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twinnes*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without iſſue (as commonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow

widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gowne*, made at first to cover his knavery, but that *growing* too monstrous, he now goes in Buffe: his Conscience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the miserie of a poore man (but especially a badde liver) is the Offalles on which he feedes. The Divell cals him his *white sonne*; he is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and he takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *torments soules*, *Money* is the *Crust* he leapes at: *Crie, a Ducke a Ducke*, and he plunges not so eagerly as at *this*. The *dogges chaps water* to fetch nothing else: hee hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*, looke you *Rouge* here is mony. He goes *muffled* like a Theefe, and carries still the markes of one, for he *steales* upon man *cowardly*, *Pluckes* him by the Throate, makes him *stand*,

and

and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honest*: His walkes in Terme time are up *Fleet-street*, at the end of the Terme up Holborne, and so to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter-rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation he lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of some blind, drunken, bawdy Ale-house, and if he spie his prey, out he leapes, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Bun-dog* worries. No Officer to the City, keepes his oath so *uprightly*; he never is forswoorne, for he sweares to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues so to his dying day. *Mace*, which is so comfortable to the stomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poyson. This Raven pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his spite is at their shoulders, and you were better to have the *Night-Mare* ride you, than this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies of Hell die, this *Cacodæmon* hath

the reversion of his place. He will venture as desperately upon the *Pox* as any *Roaring Boy* of them all. For when he arrests a *whore*, himself puts her in common baile at his owne perill, and shee paies him soundly for his labour; upon one of the Sheriffes Custards hee is not so greedy, nor so sharpe set, as at such a stew-pot. The City is (by the custome) to feed him with good meat, as they send dead horses to their hounds, onely to keepe them both in good heart, for not onely those *Curs* at the *Dog-house*, but these within the walles, are to serve in their places, in their severall huntings. Hee is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds, he hangs.

His Yeoman

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* weares by his side, it is a false Die of the same

Bale,

Bale, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes ſome-what *higher*, and does more miſchiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to drive in the *Conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut up a man without *tearing*, but by a pattern. One *Terme* fleſhes him, or a *Fleet-ſtreet breakefaſt*. The *Devill* is but his father in *law*, & yet for the love he beares him, will leave him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cauſe (in ſtead of praiers) he does every morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *bleſſing*, and thrives the better in his *actions* al the day after. This is the hooke that hangs under water to choake the *fiſh*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* above water, which pops downe ſo ſoone as ever the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharp, & he more hungry becauſe he does but ſnap, and hath not his full *halfe ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut-*

purses in a throng, and as nimble is he at his busineſſe, as a *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *Office* is as the dogs to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or drive him to the ſhambles; the Bucher that cuts his throat, ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His living lies within the City, but his *conſcience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript up, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſuck more ſilver out of the wound then his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Taylor.

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for hee ſhould bee a Tyger, but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is covered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, curriſhneſſe, and ravening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this piece was the baſeſt; of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by, came this Iaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of thoſe angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heaven, whither he never (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keies, not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Iaylors ſoule ſtands not upon thoſe two Pillers that ſupport heaven, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*:) it rather fits upon thoſe two foot-ſtooles of hell, *wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Iudges ſlave, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. Hee is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gave him all his limbs perfect, he would ſtrike thoſe, on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

gainſt a Debtor, he is a Creditors ſe-cond; but obſerves not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all baſe advantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hang up to gether, and are made very neere of the ſame mettle, ſaving that the one is harder than the other, and hath one property above Iron, for that never melts. He diſtils mony out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he do's nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, ſtands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowſie beds, is better worth to him than the beſt acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſave all his priſoners that none ever eſcape, and to be ſaved himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reaſon, for lay the life of a man in

one

one Scale, and his fees on the other, he will loſe the firſt, to finde the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if he deſires Iuſtice to be done to him) for he ſhewes none, and I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe he knowes heaven hath no neede of ſuch Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they ſtand ever open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleepe every night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſtead, to be ever in feare, and ever hated what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Character is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitive moode χαράξω, which ſignifies to ingrave, or make a deepe Impreſſion. And for that

cause, a letter (as A. B.) is called a Character.

Those Elements which wee learne first, leaving a strong seale in our memories.

Character is also taken for an Egyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſe, or a short Emblem; in little comprehending much.

To square out a Character by our English level, it is a picture (reall or personall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one shadowing.

It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musicall cloze: it is wits descant on any plaine song.

The

The Character of a happy life.

By Sir H. VVotton.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serveth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And simply Truth *his highest skill?*

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Vntyed unto the world with care
Of Princely love, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreate:
VVhose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

who

Who envieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who never underſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are given with praiſe;
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good:

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, than gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend:

This man is free from ſervile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands,
And having nothing he hath All.

An Eſ-

An Eſſay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is ſo potent either to procure, or merit Love, as Valour; and I am glad I am ſo, for thereby I ſhall doe my ſelfe much eaſe. Becauſe valour never needs much wit to maintaine it. To ſpeake of it in ſelfe, It is a quality which he that hath, ſhal have leaſt neede of: ſo the beſt league betweene Princes, is a mutual feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefely to hold the lye inſufferable, though being alone hee finds no hurt it doth him. It leaves it ſelfe to others cenſures. For he that brags of his owne, diſſwades others from beleeving it. It feareth a ſword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner: for though hee bee generally held a foole, he ſhall ſeldome heare ſo much by word of mouth: and that inlargeth him more than

than any ſpectacles, for it makes a little fellow to be called a *Tall-man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakeneſſe is her prerogatives; or a man ſeconded with a woman, as an Vſher which alwais goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witnes of his owne words, to ſtand to what-ever he hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to cõmit his reviling unto the Law. It furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, and both by futures; for a man muſt never boaſt himſelfe in the preſent tenſe. And to come neere home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valour towards men, is an Embleme of an Ability towards women, a good quality ſignifies a better. Nothing is more behoovefull for that Sexe, for from it they receive protection, & we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhorter cut to obtaining: for a man of armes is alwaies void of ceremony, which is the wall that ſtands betwixt *Pyramus* and *This-by*, that is, man and woman, for

there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant upon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that only by our pale asking, we teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefaſtneſſe, we put them in mind to be modeſt: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke, to perſwade the hearers, that they are that already, which we would have them to be. This kinde of baſhfulneſſe is farre from men of valor, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are ever men (without doubt) forward, and confident, loſing no time, leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Lover. And becauſe they know women are given to diſſemble; they will never beleeve them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing black broke in upon us, there was no way knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding thorow Forreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legs, were held but of

ſtrength

ſtrenght enough to marry their widdowes. And even in our daies there can be given no reaſon of the inundation of Servingmen upon their Miſtreſſes, but onely that uſually they carry their Miſtreſſes weapons, and his valour. To be counted handſome, iuſt, learned, or welfavoured, all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath eſcaped thither through many dangers. To ſpeake at once, man hath a priviledge in valour; In cloathes and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that ſexe will not thinke much (as farre as an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. So then theſe neat youths, theſe women in mens apparell, are too neer a woman to bee beloved of her, they bee both of a Trade, but he of grim aſpect, and ſuch a one a glaſſe dares take, and ſhe will deſire him for newneſſe and varietie. A ſcarre in a mans face is the ſame that a mole in

a womans; and a mole in a womans, is a Iewell set in white to make it seeme more white; For a scar in a man is a marke of honour, and not a blemish, for 'tis a scarre and blemish in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things. else, which are to procure Love, as a good face, wit, clothes, or a good body; each of them I confesse may worke somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Rivall. A good face availes nothing, if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the utmost of it is to be kist, which rather encreaseth thē quencheth Appetite. He that sends her gifts, sends her word also, that hee is a man of small gifts otherwise: for wooing by signes and tokens, imploies the author dumbe. And if *Ovid* who writ the Law of Love were alive (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diversity, that gifts should be sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise than Love. Wit is not to bee seene: and no woman takes advice of any in her loving;

but

but of her owne eyes and her wayting womans: Nay which is worse, wit is not to be felt, and so no good Bed-fellow. Wit applied to a woman, makes her dissolve her sympering, and discover her teeth with laughter, and this is surely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of foolish melancholly. As for the mā that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inveagle his love with such a couloured suite; surely the same deeply hazzards the losse of her favor, upon every change of his cloathes. So likewise for the other that courts her silōly with a good body, let me certifie him, that his cloathes depend upon the comlinesse of his body, and so both upon opinion. She that hath beene seduced by apparell, let me give her to wit, that men alwayes put off their cloathes before they goe to bed. And let her that hath beene enamoured of her servants body, understand, that if she saw him in a skinne of cloth, that is, in a Suite made of the patterne of his body, she would see slender

cause

cauſe to love him ever after. There is no clothes ſit ſo well in a womans eye, as a Suit of ſteele though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo ſoone ſurpriſeth a womans affections, as he that is the ſubject of all whiſpering, & hath alwaies twenty ſtories of his owne deeds depending upon him. Miſtake me not, I underſtand not by valour, one that never fights, but when he is backed with drinke or anger, or hiſſed on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate, nor one that takes away a Servingmans weapons, when perchance it coſt him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a privie coat of defence, and therin is confident, for then ſuch as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an even reſolution grounded upon reaſon: which is alwaies even, having his power reſtrained by the law of not doing wrõg. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore muſt be a man of few words.

CERTAINE EDICTS
from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell*:

INprimis, He that hath no other worth to commend him, than a good Suit of Apparell, shall not dare to wooe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but shall be allowed to carry the hieroglyphike of his frinds affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady shall raile on her that is fairer, because shee is fairer; nor seeke by black calumniation to darken her fame, unlesse shee bee her corrivall.

Item, that no man may entitle himselfe by the matchlesse name of a friend, that loves upon condition, unlesse he be a Schoole-master.

Item, that no Lady, which modestly keepes

keepes her houſe for want of good clothes to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanitie, unleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item, th at no Bankrupt Knight, that to ſet up ſhop againe, becomes paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall ever after ſweare by his honour: but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that not Lady that uſeth to paint, ſhall finde faul with her Painter that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, unleſſe ſhee will acknowledge her ſelfe to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whoſe vaine love hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he hath refuſed and caſt her off, unleſſe he will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhall court her looking glaſſe, paſt one houre in a day, unleſſe ſhe profeſſe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter-waiter ſhall feed on cheeſe three quarters of a yeere,

to feaſt on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* advice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a *Taylor*.

Item, that wench that is over enamored of her ſelfe, and thinks all others ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burthen of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, hee that ſweareth when he looſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be cal'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, ſhall thinke hee hath redeem'd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome lacivious diſcourſe, unleſſe hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Summer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall be called chaſt.

Item,

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous love to a woman, and gives ground when his vanity is rejected, ſhall have his bels cut off, and flie for a Haggard..

Item, ſhe that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her ſelfe, ſhall not refuſe the name of an Hypocrite; and ſhe that employes all her time in working trappings for her ſelfe, the name of a Spider: and ſhe that ſets the firſt queſt of enquiry amongſt her Goſſips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, he that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he profeſſeth to love her, yet under hand commenceth a baſe ſuit, and is diſdained; ſhall not on this blow which his owne vice hath given him, out of policy raile ſuddenly on her, for feare he bee noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in private he may ſay, that his judgement was blinded by her cunniug diſguiſe, and that he finds her wavering in good-

neſſe, and in time he ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if hee were loth to bring his judgement into queſtion; nor would he doe it, but that he preferres ruth even out of his owne reach.

Newes

NEVVES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

OLD TRVTH, VNDER A ſuppoſall of Noveltie.

Occaſioned by divers Eſſaies, and private *paſſages of wit, betweeene ſundry Gentlemen upon that ſubject.*

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miſeries beyõd happines, as a this ſide it, as *being in love.* That truth is every mans by aſſenting. That time makes every thing aged, and yet it ſelfe was never but a minute old. That,

old. That, next ſleepe, the greateſt devourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſſion*: the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*: To be ſaved, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwaies cleares her way as ſhe goes. *Vice* is ever behind-hand with it ſelfe. That *wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankinde than the end. That the madneſſe of Love is to be ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of Iealouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in divers words. That the difference in the ſence is their underſtanding. That the wiſedome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould bee, the latter makes uſe of what is. That every man is weake in his owne humours.

That

That every man a little beyond himſelfe, is a foole. That affectation is the more rediculous part of folly than ignorance. That the matter of greatneſſe is compariſon. That God made one world of *Subſtance*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned up *Trumpe*. That cuſtome is the ſoule of circumſtances. That cuſtome hath ſo farre prevailed, that *Truth* is now the greateſt newes.

Sir *Th. Over.*

Anſwer to the Court Newes.

THAT *Happineſſe* and *Miſery* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodneſſe* is not *Felicity* but the rod thither. That Mans ſtrength is but a viciſſitude of falling and riſing. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill ſtill. That the plot of Salvation

vation was laid before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enioying is the preparative to contemning. That he that ſeekes opinion beyond merit, goes iuſt as farre back. That no man can obtaine his deſires, nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudy men, are more profitable than books. That mens loves are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butt*, and *Feares Quiver*. That the ſoules of Women and Lovers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſences. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the web, and wiſedome the woofe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were never made up. That envie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpective*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That man, Woman, and the Devill, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but not weight, by which couple all things receive forme.

Country

Country Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going, That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Poverty is the greateſt diſhoneſtie. That the pittie of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of Peace is the beſt relique of Idolatry. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to live too heavenly is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That wee love names better than perſons. That to hold in Knights ſervice, is a ſlipperie ſervice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want

want of humility. That the puritane perſecution is as a Cloude that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Country-men thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a Courtier never attaines his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That love is the taile worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to underſtand, are three degrees not underſtood. That Country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing above a man. That fighting is a Serving-mans valour: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to live long, is to fill up the daies we live. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflect from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is from within, the exter-

externall is policie. That good and ill is the croſſe and pile in the ayme of life. That the Soule in the Lampe of the body, Reaſon of the Soule, Religion of Reaſon, Faith of Religion, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the Atomies of Policie, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the ornament. That Authority preſſeth downe with weight, and is thought violence: Policie trips up the heeles and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow paſſage hee that is firſt out, finds eaſe, hee in the middle worſt hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that drives both out afore him though not ſuffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heaven is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for wee are the richer for the diſburſing. That liberalitie ſhould have no object but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the myſterie of greatneſſe is to keepe the inferiour ignorant

of

of it. That all this is no newes to a better wit. *That the City cares not what the Country thinkes.*

Sir T. R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which have beene in fashion, and are verie neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace have the selling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that devours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholesomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying

of

of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* cloſe priſoners, and heere have the liberty of the houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. that there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Country, as the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter Hall*. That onely Chriſtmaſſe Lords know their ends. That Women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well upon beds, as plaſhed againſt walles. That our carts are never worſe imployed than when they are waihted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horſe tailes, concurre in one root of beauty and ſtrength; but being pluckt out one by one, ſerve only for ſprindges and ſnares. That both want and aboundance, equally advance a rectified man from the world as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawke. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe

we

we doe not all eat thereof. That out beſt three-pilde miſchiefe comes from beyond the Sea, & rides poſt through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your own are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife and anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Favorites courſe her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not ſo unwholſome here; for none ever ſaw a Sparrow ſick of the pox: that here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets: that Court-motions are up and downe; ours circular: theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returne to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and weare out in the way: Ours like Mill-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes; wee viciſſitudes.

I. Donne

Answer to the very Countrey NEWES.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke of time, and made dresser of his owne fatting. That the five Senses are cinque-ports for temptation, the trafique sin, the Lievetenant *Satan*, the custome-tribute, Soules. That the Citizens of the high Court, grow rich by simplicity; but those of *London* by simple craft. That life, death and time doe with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell under the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more dampes than those of *Frigida*. That *Policy* and *Superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and shee is found with a wrie mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree or beyond. That Nature too much loving her own becomes unnaturall and foolish. That

the ſoule in ſome is like an egge; hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeve, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appears to profit others, but cannot her: that thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, alſufficient: that clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion: that thought of the future is retired into the Country, and time preſent dwels at Court: that I living neere the Churchyard, wher many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A. S.

A Meere Scholler is but a live booke. Actions doe expreſſe knowledge better than words; ſo much of the ſoule is loſt that the body cannot utter. To teach, ſhould rather bee an effect, than the purpoſe of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects Art, therefore the glory of youth, is ſtrength; of the gray-head, wiſedome; yet moſt condemne the follies of their owne infancy, run after thoſe of the worlds, and in reverence of antiquity will beare an old errour againſt a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldrie* of Arts, and array of judgement, none it ſelfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, muſt be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Diſcretion containes *Rhetoricke*; the next way to

learne good words, is to learne sence; the newest *Philosophie* is soundest, the eldest *Divinity*: *Astronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magick. There is no honesty of the body without heal h, which no man hath had since *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the first mother of sicknesse, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can perish without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular interest: So in Arts which are but translations of Nature, there is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it bee drawne strong conclusions, to disprove all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controverted. The soule and body of the first man, were made fit to be immortall together: wee cannot live to the one, but we must die to the other. A man and a Christian are two Creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue; in the next, knowledge; when

ledge; when we ſhall read the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THAT the beſt pleaſure is to have no object of pleaſure, and uniformity is a better proſpect than variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where riſings and fals, calmes, and croſſe-gales are yours, in order and turne; fore-windes but by chance. That it is the worſt winde, to have no winde, and that your ſmooth-fac'd Courtier, deading your courſe by a calme, gives greater impediment, than an open enemies croſſe-gale. That levity is a vertue: for many are held up by it. That it is nothing ſo intricate and infinite to rigge a ſhip, as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to

pumpe the one, and ſhreeve the other, is alike noyſome, that ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes unfound; and that to puniſh and not preyent, is to labour in the pumpe, & leave the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Saile before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Haven is the happieſt voiage. That to him that hath no Haven, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to have no Haven, than ſome kinde of one. That expedition is every where to be bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke upon the water; and that the ſound of commodity drowns the noiſe of a ſtorme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haye once in my life out-gone night at ſea, but never darkeneſſe; and that I ſhall never wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I have lived to ſee the Sun a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarve for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to

be

bee kept in diſtance or falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will cloſe. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leave more before than behind, and all will be but *via Navis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a Shippe under ſaile bee a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Haven. That I care not what become of this fraile barke of my fleſh, ſo I ſave the paſſenger. And here I caſt Anchor.

W.S.

? Wydaltonstall?

Forraine Newes of the Yeere 1622.

From France.

IT is deliverced from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: those that being new, are hard and harsh, prove best; the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first on-set, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; a while it beares all before it: have but that whiles patience, you may passe it drie-foot. That a penetrating judgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate: if this appeare affected, apish and unstable: a wonder if that be setled.

That vaine-glory, new fashions, and the *French* desease are upon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Allegeance, to bee made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity have their scarres, which cannot be so well clos'd to the sight, but they will lye open to the memory. That a Princes pleasurable vices, ushered by authority, and waited on by connivence, sooner punish themselves by the subjects imitation, than they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction: so apt all ill examples to rebound on them that give them. That Kings heare truth oftner for the tellers, than their owne advantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men dispise them, than that they not

feare

feare them. That greatneſſe is fruitfull enough, when others helps faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtruction. That it is a groſſe flattring of tired cruelty, to honeſt it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and Country. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere over others, who by ſuffering indignities, have learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſilly Dove flies up to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That even Galley ſlaves, ſetting light by their captivity, finde freedome in bondage. That to bee ſlow in military buſineſſe, is to be ſo courteous, as to give the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatneſſe, more feare than hurt.

From

Newes.

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſinne, is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holines beneficiall friends, that ſinne upon hope of pardon. That where vice is a ſtate-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That lewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feede, to feede on. That for an Engliſhman to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it ſince it skils not where we live, ſo wee take heed how we live. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went up, there being often found a ſmall diſtance between the higheſt and the loweſt fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſſe at home than abroad regarded, while things that ſeeme are (commonly) more a far off than at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the most profitable Banke, is the true use of a mans selfe, whiles such as grow mouldy in idlenesse, make their houses their Tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous spirits lye buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their minds, would dare as much as those that with their better Fortunes over-top them. That professed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugality is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feed for hunger, cloath for cold and modesty, and spend for Honour, Charity and Safety.

From

THat the infectious vice of drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both proove his owne too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of every ſlight danger, ſeldom gives either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germany*, is not more great than that over a mans ſelfe.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to give another power over it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heavieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likelyhood of good, provide for ill. That ſince pittie dwelles at the next doore to miſery, he liveth moſt at eaſe, that is neighboured with envy. That the evill fortune of the warres, as well as the good, is variable.

Newes

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience, than a whole skin. That a ſoule in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would cozen the devill. That *Flattery* is increaſed from a pillow under the elbow, to a bed under the whole body. That *Policy* is the unſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecurity, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in private, is nothing ſo convenient as a hang'd Traitour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light, that the life of moſt Women is walking in their ſleepe, and they talke their dreames.

dreames. That Chambring is counted a civiller quality, than playing at Tables in the Hall, though Serving-men uſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeere, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That hee who will riſe, muſt firſt lye downe and take humility in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twylight of life and death. That in ſleepe wee kindly ſhake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trials to dye, that at laſt we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their chamber: and that I have none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſity, or a ſervants diſcovery.

God give you good morrow.

B. R.

R. B.

Newes

Newes of my morning worke.

THat to be good, the way is to bee moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heaven is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy walke. That the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more than Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further than the firſt degree of Charity. That the devill is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocency was firſt couſin to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is Deaths Leiger-Ambaſſadour. That time can never be ſpent: we paſſe by it, & cannot returne. That none can bee ſure of more time than an inſtant. That ſin makes worke for repentance, or the devill. That patience hath more power than afflictions. That every ones memory is divided into two parts: the part loſing all, is the

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court lives in persecution, like Protestants in Spaine. That predestination and constancy are alike uncertaine to be judged of. That reason makes love the Serving-man. That vertues favour is better than a Kings favourite That being sicke begins a suit to God; being well possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heaven, sicknesse the post-horse. That worldly delights to one in extreame sicknesse, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That absence doth sharpen love, presence strengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleare: that love often breakes friendship, that ever increaseth love. That constancy of women and love in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths Iuggler. That falsehood playes a larger part in the world than truth. That blinde zeale and lame knowledge, are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned. That no Porter but resolution keepes

keepes feare out of mindes: that the face of goodneſſe without a body, is the worſt wickedneſſe: that womans fortunes aſpire but by others powers: that a man with a female wit, is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*: that a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himſelfe by being in acquaintance: that the worſt part of ignorance, is making good and ill ſeeme alike: that all this is newes only to fooles.

Miſt. B.

Newes from the lower end of the table.

IT is ſaid among the folke here, that if a man die in his infancy, he hath onely broke his faſt in this world: if in his youth, he hath left us at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at threeſcore and tenne: and he that lives to a

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble-minded man makes the loweſt courteſie. That grace before meat, is our election before we were: grace after meat our ſalvation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, fals betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the upper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. He that hates to bee reproved, fits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman, are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to ſave his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeve to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a Ieſter is the Fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole carves a peece of his heart to every man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a covered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne carver. He

that

that hath many friends, eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion, cuts other men meat & his owne fingers. That the foule of a cholericke man ſits ever by the fire-ſide. That patience is the larde of the leane meat of adverſity. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly in his purſe. That the beſt company makes the upper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the envious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongſt the wiſe, is a guilt empty bowle amongſt the thirſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. He that robs me of my invention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when he is gone. The vaine-glorious man piſſeth more than he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup of blessing. To surfet upon wit, is more dangerous than to want it. He that's overcome of any passion, is drie drunk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith than the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed than taught. That faith is the elbow for a heavy soule to leane on. Hee that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that he may take physicke. He that rises without thanksgiving, go as away and owes for his ordinary. He that beginnes to repent when hee is old, never washes his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: child-hood youth, and old-age. That to suppe well is to live well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

of Wm Cleveland ?

Newes

IT was thought here that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course that lie downe there: that those that will not rise, their soules must, and carry their bodies to judgement: that we have spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this: that there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iustice: that Christ when hee went away, left good seede in his Church; and when he comes againe, hee shall finde Christians, but not faith: that the devill hath got upon us, the same way that hee did at the first, by drawing shadowes over substances, as hee did the body over the soule: that *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the crosse: that States use it, the Clergie live by

it, the people follow it, more by a ſtreame, than one by one: that all are religious rather than ſome: that every one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe: that they goe ſo by throngs to Heaven, that it is to be feared they take the broader way: that the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners: that to mend this, is to cheate the devill, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule formoſt againe: that the ſoule may be too rank too, if we look not to it. and ſo a *Puritane* oftentimes meets a *Papiſt* in ſuperiſtition an other way: that to blinde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it bee though otherwiſe: that ſome out of a good meaning, have fallen this way into a vice: that theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceived, and leſſe to be blamed; but as dangerous as the others, if they take head: that the rule is in all things,

the

the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before: that we have contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead: that ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will be as hard to caſt them our, as Devils: that thoſe which have thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gave them cauſe of amendment: that they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition: that a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt government, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it: that all Controverſies for the moſt part, leave the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends: that the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelves: that ſincerity in the cauſe of truth, is more worth than learning: that too much, and too little knowledge, have made the world mad: that wee have a

ſhorter

ſhorter cut to it; and a ſurer way then *Drake* had over the world, if we could find it out. That every man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is ſo, he is greater than a King. That every King is a briefe of his Land, and he hath a *patterne* of the government of it alwaies about him That as the honours that he gives unto his Nobles and Counſellors, is a charge ſo is that which *God* gives him. That as he requires an account, ſo he muſt give: that he is the Image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the World: that therefore the ſubjects owe him obedience as the Creatures doe Man: that thoſe that will not obey are neither good Subjects, nor good men: that to obey well, is as great a thing as to governe, and more mens duties: that thoſe that think not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer: that though States be naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliver many men ſafe to Heaven, though they goe not themſelves, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters.

ſters. That this is Gods uſe of both & of the world too, to convey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame uſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelves. That they are the temple of the holy Ghoſt, & therfore ought to pluck down their Idols and ſet up God there. That the Idols of theſe times are coveteouſnes, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonneſſe, Hereſies, & ſuch like admiration & ſerving of our ſelves. That we muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the devil makes it an occaſion to tempt. That hee is a ſpirit and therefore cunninger than we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his maſter. That this is the gift of God, which he giveth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word, & held by humility and prayer. That faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance. That thus the underſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule of man, is made up againe, and ſanctifies the body.

That

That so we are the members of Christ. That our Head is in Heaven, as a pawne that where he is, we shall be: that there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of Soules, and GOD the teacher.

Newes from the bed.

THat the bed is the best Rendevous of mankind, and the most necessary ornament of a Chamber: that Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the old fashion, for the first bed was the bare ground: that a mans pillow is his best Counseller: that *Adam* lay in state, when the Heaven was his canopie: that the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eve* lay without sheets: that they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent, they were

were not ashamed the heavens should see them lye without a covertlet. That it is likely *Eve* studied Astronomy which makes the posterity of her Sex ever since to lie on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the convex of the heavens, yet it containes a whole world. That the five Sences are the greatest sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a reasonable Dormouse. That the soule ever awakes to watch the body. That a jealous man sleepes dog-sleepe. That sleepe makes no difference betweene a Wise man and a Foole. That for all times sleepe is the best bedfellow. That the devill and mischiefe ever awake. That love is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreames, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more custome than all the world beside. That if dreames and wishes had been all true, there had not beene since Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That

That the ſecure man ſleepes ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the ungodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That ſleepers were never dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women upon for they hold it neceſſary, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more than paper.

R. S.

Newes from Shipboord.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that lives without Religon, ſayles without a Compaſſe. That the wantonneſſe of

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpesse before a storme: that the foole is Sea-sicke in a Calme, but the wise mans stomacke endures all weathers: that passions in a foole, are Ordnance broken loose in a storme, that alter their property of offending others, and ruine himselfe. that good Fortunes are a soft quicksand, adversity a rocke, both equally dangerous: that vertue is in poverty a ready rigd Ship, that lies windbound: that good fashion in a man, is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth most with least force: that a Fooles tongue is like the boye of an Anchor, you shall finde his heart by it wheresoever it lies. Wisedome makes use of the crosses of this world, as a skilfull Pilot of Rockes for Sea-markes to saile by.

H. R.

Newes from the Chimney-corner.

THat wit is Brush wood, judgement Timber: the one gives the greateſt flame, the other yeelds the durableſt heat, and both meeting makes the beſt fire. That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andirons that holdup their Clyents, til they burne each other to aſhes: they receive warmth by theſe; theſe by them their deſtruction. That a wiſe rich man is like the backe or ſtocke of the Chimney, & his wealth the fire; he receives it not for his owne need, but to reflect the heat to others good. That Houſe keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughs in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reaſon in matter of Faith is fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoake and then nothing. A young fel-

fellow falne in love with a whore, is ſaid to be falne a ſleepe in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaves his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit up and watch a coale. That the covetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choller is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a chamber-pot. That chaſt Beauty is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That he that expounds the Scriptures upon the warrant of his owne ſpirit onely, layes the brands together without Tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers. That the lover keeps a great fire in his houſe all the yeere long. That devotion; like fire in a froſtie weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lie in bed all day in Winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a covetous man is a Dog in a wheele, that toiles to roaſt meat for other mens eating. That Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſaid, to hold their hands to the Glo-worme

in ſtead of a coale for heat. That a Wiſe mans heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked up in embers, to make a fire the next day.

Paradoxes, as they were ſpoken in a Maske, and preſented *before his Maieſty at* White-Hall.

Maſculine

1 *HE cannot bee a Cuckold that weares a Gregorian,* *For a Perriwigge cannot fit ſuch a head.*

2 *A Knight of the long Robe is more honourable then a Knight made in the field,* *For Furres are dearer then Spurs.*

3 *A Drunkard is a good Philoſopher,* *For hee thinkes aright: the World goes round.*

4 *The Divell cannot take Tobacco through his Noſe,* *For Saint Dunſton ſeared up that with his tongs.*

5 *A Shoomaker is the fittest man in the parish to make a Constable,* } *For hee (virtute officij) may put a man into the stockes and ease him at last.*

6 *A Prisoner is the best Fencer,* } *For ever he lies at a close ward.*

7 *An elder brother may be a wise man,* } *For hee hath wherewithall to purchase experience at any rate.*

8 *Burgomasters ought not to weare furre Gownes at Midsummer,* } *For they may so bring in the sweating sickness.*

9 *A Cutpurse is the surest trade,* } *For his woke is no sooner done, but his money is in his hand.*

Feminine.

10 *It is better to marry a widdow then a maide,* } For Causa patet.

11 *Downe-*

11 *Downe-right language is the best to wine a woman,* — *For plaine dealing is a Iewell, and there is no Ladie but desires to have her.*

12 *If a woman with childe long to lie with another man, her husband must consent,* — *For if hee will not, shee will doe it without him.*

13 *A painted Ladie best fits a Captaine,* — *For so both may fight under their colours.*

14 *Rich widdowes were ordained for younger brethren,* — *For they being borne to no lands, must plough in another mans soile.*

15 *Tis dangerous to marry a widow,* — *For she hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marry an old man,* — *For shee shall bee sure to keepe al fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome,* — *For no wiseman will search for it ther.*

18 *A woman of learning & tongues is an admirable creature.* — *For a Star-ling that can speake is a present for an Emperor.*

19 *A great Lady should not weare her owne haire,* — *For that is too meane, as a coat of her owne spinning.*

20 *A faire womans Necke should stand awry-* — *For so shee lookes as if shee lookt' for a kisse.*

21 *Women love fish better then flesh,* — *For they will have place, what soever they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An Vsurer is the best Christian,* — *For Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet & fidei.*

23 *The*

23 *The best bodies should weare the meaneſt habits,* — *For painted clothes were made to hide bare walls.*

24 *It is better to be a begger then to be a Merchant,* — *For all the world lies open to his trafique, and yet hee paies no Cuſtome.*

25 *Tis more ſafe to bee drunke with the Hop, then with the Grape,* — *For a man ſhould be more inward with his Countreyman then with a ſtranger.*

26 *A man deepe in debt ſhould bee as deepe in drink,* — *For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.*

27 *Players houſes are more neceſſarie in a well Govern'd Cõmon-wealth, then ſchooles,* — *For men are better taught by example, then precept.*

28 *Tavernes are more requiſite in a Countrey then Academies,* — *For it is better that the multitude were loving then learned.*

29 *A Tobaco-Shop and a Bawdie-house are Co inci-dents,* — *For ſmoake is not without fire.*

30 *Wealth is better then wit,* — *For few Poets have had the fortune to bee choſen Aldermen.*

31 *Marriage frees a man from care,* — *For then his wife takes all upon her.*

32 *A kennell of Hounds is the beſt conſort,* — *For they need no tuning from morning to night.*

33 *The Court makes better ſchollers then the Vniverſities,* — *For when the King vouchſafes to bee a* Teacher, *every man bluſhes to be a* non-proficient.

34 *A nimble Page is more uſefull for a Lady then a long Gentleman-uſher,* — *For a Sparrow is more active then a bald Buzzard.*

35 *Tis*

35 *Tis better to bee a coward then a Captaine* } *For a Gooſe liues longer then a Cocke of the Game.*

The Mountebankes Receipts.

An approved Receipt againſt Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady be ſicke of the Sullens ſhe knowes not where, let her take a handfull of ſimples, I know not what, and uſe them, I know not how, applying them to the place grieved, I know not which, and ſhee ſhall be cured, I know not when.

Againſt the Scurvy.

If any Scholler bee troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may prove ſcurvy; let him firſt forbeare clawing

clawing and fretting meates, and then purge choller; but by any meanes upwards.

For restoring Gentlemen-ushers Legs.

If any Gentleman-usher have the Consumption in his Legs, let him feed lustily upon Veale, two months in the Spring time, and forbeare all manner of Mutton, and hee shall increase in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any bee troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him travell to *Iapan*; or becaus the Forrest of *Turnbolia* is of the same Altitude and Eleuation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it shall be done in an instant.

For a Felon.

If any bee troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, wherby hee hath lost the lawfull use of his hand; let him but once use

uſe the exerciſe of ſwinging and ſtretch himſelfe upon the ſoveraigne Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will preſently kill the Felon.

For a Tympanie.

If a Virgin bee ſo ſicke of *Cupid*, that the diſeaſe is growne to a *Tympanie*, let her with all ſpeed poſſible remove her ſelfe, changing Aire for forty weekes at leaſt, keeping a ſpare diet as ſhe travels, alwaies after uſing lawfull exerciſes, till ſhee bee married, and then ſhee is paſt danger.

For Barrenneſſe.

If any Lady be married, yet childleſſe, let her firſt deſire to be a mother, and eat to her breakfaſt a new laid Egge in a ſpoonefull of Goats-milke, with a ſcruple of Ambergreece, and at ſupper feed on a *Henne*, troden but by one *Cocke*; and above all things let her avoid hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the ſtones; and aſſuming a finer mold, then Nature

meant

meant her, and no doubt ſhee ſhall fru-ctifie.

For the falling ſickneſſe.

If any woman bee troubled with the Falling ſickneſſe, let her firſt forbeare Phyſicke, eſpecially Suppoſitories and Gliſters: neither let her travell Weſt-ward-Ho, becauſe ſhee muſt avoyde the *Ile of Man*. And for that it is an evill Spi-rit entred into her, let her for a Charme, have alwaies her legs acroſſe, when ſhee is not walking, and this will helpe her.

For a Ruptur.

If any Marchant bee troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that he cannot goe abroad, let him de-coct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof, from ſixe moneths to ſixe monethes, and hee ſhall be as able a man as ever he was.

he

The Mountebankes Song.

IS any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound or looſe behinde?
Is any foule that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?
Doe's any dreame? doe's any walke?
Or in his ſleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without from head to heele.

Bee Drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braines well tempered?
Doe's Eolus thy Stomacke gnaw?
Or breed there vermine in thy maw?
Doſt thou deſire and cannot pleaſe?
Lo, here the beſt Cantharides.
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Even all diſeaſes that ariſe,
From ill diſpoſed crudities.

From

From too much ſtudy, too much paine,
From lazineſſe and from a ſtraine;
From any humour doing harme,
Be it dry, or moiſt, or cold, or warme.
Then come to me what ere, &c.

Of lazy Gout, I cure the rich,
I ridd the begger of the Itch,
I fleame avoid both thicke and thin,
I diſlocated Ioints put in,
I can old age to youth reſtore.
And doe a thouſand wonders more,
Then come to me, &c.

The ſecond Song.

MAids of the Chamber, or of the kitchin,
If you be troubled with an itchin,
Come give me but a kiſſe or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoone cure you.
Nor Galen *nor* Hippocrates,
Did ever doe ſuch cures as theſe.

Crackt

Crackt maides that cannot hold your water,
Or use to breake winde in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Kibes, with Cornes,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their hornes.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

If lustie Sis, *Maide of the dairy,*
Chance to be blew nipt by the Fairy;
For making butter with her taile,
Ile give her that did never faile.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

Or if some mischance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare over-ride her,
Or if shee tell all in a Dreame,
Ile helpe her for a messe of Creame.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

The third Song.

HEer's water to quench maiden fires,
Heer' spirits for old occupiers,

Heer's

Heer's powder to preſerve youth long,
Heer's oyle to make weake ſinewes ſtrong.
What is't you lack? what would you buy?
What is't that you doe neede?
Come to me (Gallants) taſte and try,
Heer's that will doe the deed.

This powder doth preſerve from fate,
This cures the Maleficiate;
Loſt maidenheds this doth reſtore,
And makes them virgins as before.
What is't you lacke &c?

Heer's cure for bone-ach, fever Lurdens,
Vnlawfull or untimely Burdens,
Diſeaſes of all Sex, all Ages,
This medicine cureth or aſſwages.
What is't you lacke, &c?

I have receipts to cure the Gout,
To keepe Poxe in, or put them out,
To coole hot blouds, cold blood to warme,
Shall doe you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lacke? &c.

FINIS.

A Courtier — From Staffard's Niobe. 1611.

A fine Courtier is a certaine living thing that hath his shift of shrugs, his mess of ill made mouthes, & his leash of low or loftie legs, according to the freshest fashion. Such a one is the vulgars Courtier. But the true Courtier is he, who sitting at the sterne of a State, guides it which way he will; & can make it saile against the breath of blustring Boreas: that is against ye windy humour of the discontented communalty. This Courtier attracts admiration: hee cannot peep out, but all eyes flit from their common objects, & so fix ym selves upon him, as if they would transmigrare de subjecto in subjectum: & he deserves all this, and more.

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